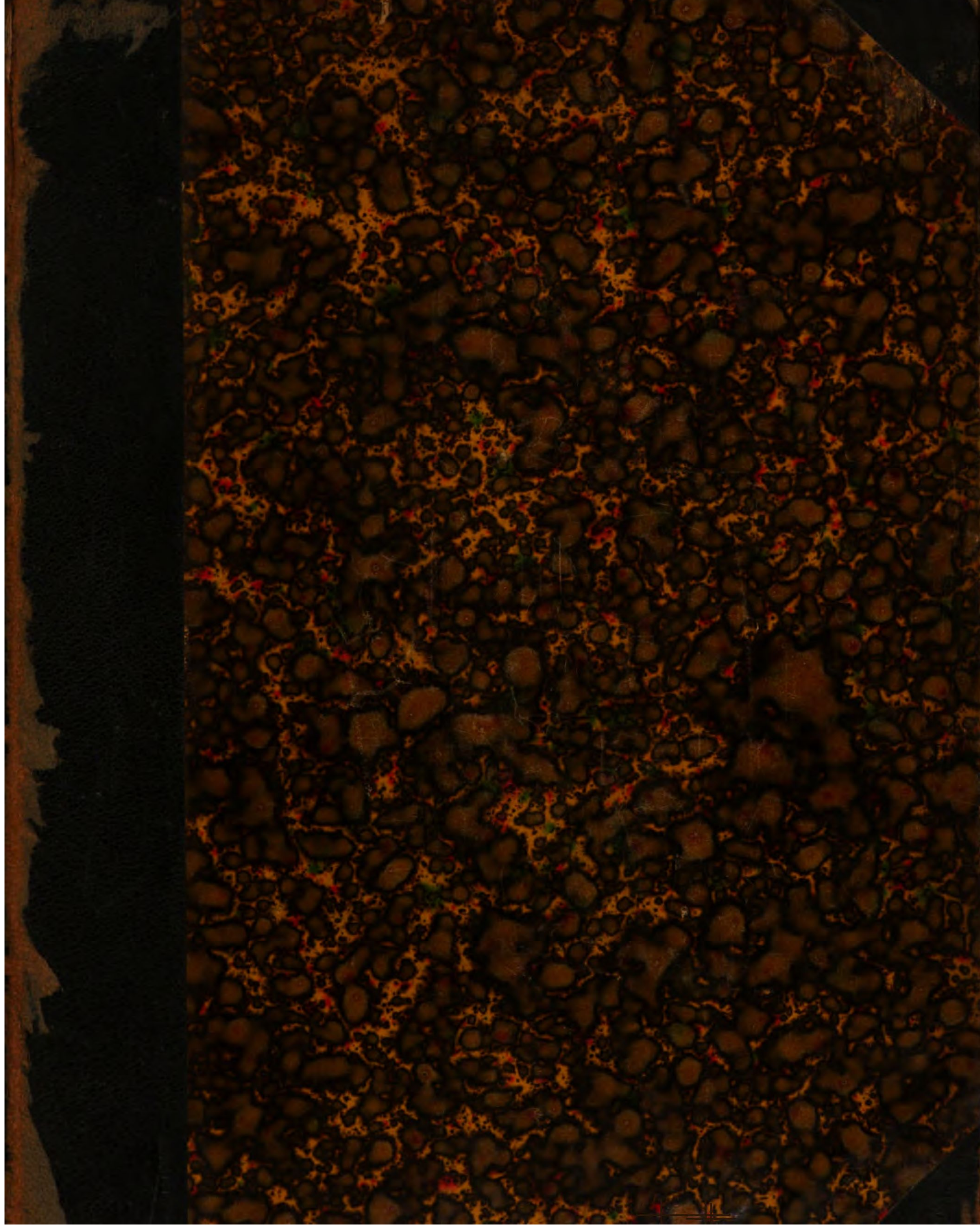




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Issue No. 19

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WORKS

OF

JOHN TAYLOR

THE WATER POET

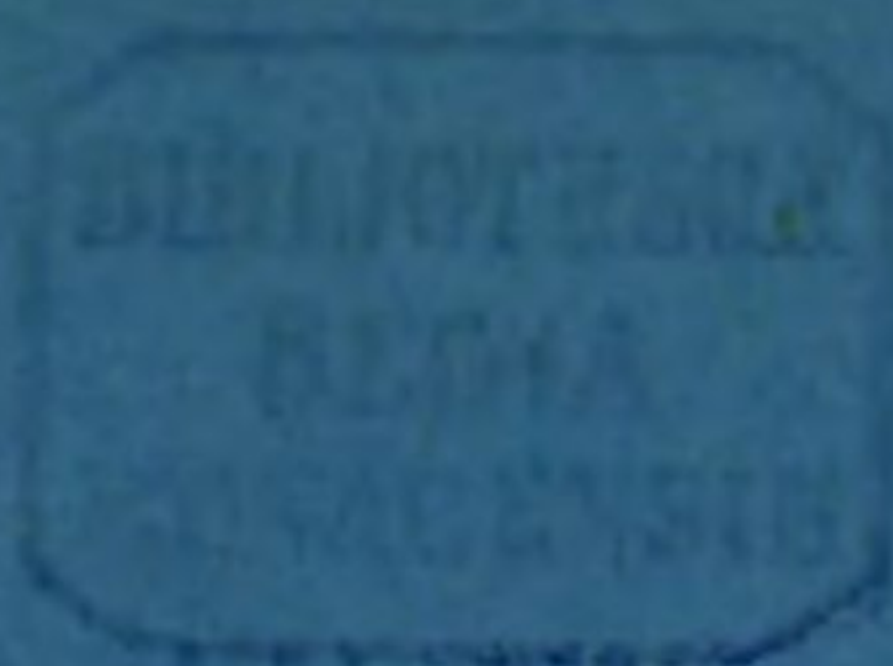
NOT INCLUDED IN THE FOLIO VOLUME
OF 1630

THIRD COLLECTION

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1876

95



WORKS
OF
JOHN TAYLOR

THE WATER POET

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PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY
M.DCCC.LXXVI.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

NOTICE.

IN issuing this third Collection of the Works of John Taylor, not included in the folio, the Council are bound to return the grateful acknowledgments of the members to HENRY HUTH, Esq., for his having obligingly allowed a reprint to be made of his very rare if not unique copy of *Taylor's Feast*, for the purpose of the present series. It will be seen that three other of the pieces in this collection are of such uncommon occurrence as not to have found a place in the lists of Taylor's works given by Lowndes and Hazlitt.

It is anticipated that another collection (the fourth) will comprise the remaining publications of Taylor not included in the folio, as well as some of the very curious pieces printed against him, which throw light upon his personal history.

JAS. CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

CONTENTS OF THE THIRD COLLECTION.

*The references are to Hazlitt's Bibliographical Hand Book and Bohn's
Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual.*

1. A Bawd. A vertuous Bawd, a modest Bawd : *As Shee Deserves*, re-
proove, or else applaud. *Written by John Taylor.* Printed at
London for *Henry Goffon.* 1635. (24 leaves.) [H. No. 51.]
2. *Taylor's Travels and Circvlar Perambvlation*, through, and by more
then thirty times twelve Signes of the Zodiack, of the Famous
Cities of *London* and *Westminster.* With the Honour and Wor-
thinesse of the Vine, the Vintage, the Wine, and the Vintoner ;
with an Alphabetically Description, of all the Taverne Signes in
the Cities, Suburbs, and Liberties *aforsaid, and significant Epi-*
grams upon the said severall Signes. *Written by Iohn Taylor.*
London, Printed by *A. M.* 1636. (31 leaves.) [H. No. 55.]
3. Bull, Beare, and Horfe, Cut, Curtaile, and Longtaile. VVith Tales,
and Tales of Buls, Clenches, and Flashe. As also here and there
a touch of our Beare-Garden-sport ; with the second part of the
Merry conceits of Wit and Mirth. Together with the Names of
all the *Bulls* and *Beares.* *London,* Printed by *M. Parsons,* for
Henry Goffon, and are to be sold at his shop on London Bridge.
1638. (35 leaves.) [H. No. 60.]
4. *Taylor's Feast :* Contayning Twenty-seaven Dishes of meate, Without
Bread, Drinke, Meate, Fruite, Flesh, Fish, Sawce, Sallats, or sweet-
meats, only a good stomacke, &c. *Being full of variety and witty*
mirth. By John Taylor. *London :* Printed by *J. Okes* dwelling
in little St. Bartholomews. Anno 1638. (54 leaves.)
[H. No. 61.]

5. A sad and deplorable loving Elegy consecrated to the living memory of his best assured friend, the generally beloved, M. *Richard Wyan* deceased, late his Majesties Proctor for the *High Court of the Admiralty*. *Who departed this life at his house at Bryl in Buckinhamshire, on thursday the 16. of August last. 1638. (2 leaves.)*
[Not in H. or L.]
6. *Iohn Taylors* Manifestation and Ivst Vindication against *Iosva Church* his Exclamation, with a Trve Relation of *Church* his Generation, with his foule Combination with a pretence of *Reformation*, of his wrong'd Occupation, hath brought all out of *Fashion*. *London* Printed by *Iohn Hammond*. 1642. (4 leaves.) [H. No. 83.]
7. *Trvth's Triumph* : or, Old Miracles newly revived in the Gracious preservation of our Sovereigne Lord the King. By *Iohn Taylor*.
—*Miranda canunt, sed vix credenda Poëtæ*. Printed in the Yeare *M.DC.XLIII*. (4 leaves.) [Not in H. or L.]
8. *Oxford* Besiedged, Surprised, Taken, and Pittifully Entred on Munday the second of *Iune* last, 1645. by the Valiant Forces of the *London* and *Westminster Parliament*. Written by a Trusty well-wisher of theirs, who stedfastly hopes, and heartily prayes, they may have the like prosperous succeffe in all their future undertakings. The Writers name and Surname begins with the 9th letter of the Greeke Alphabet, *Io-Ta*. Printed in the last year of the Parliament's Raigne. 1645. (4 leaves.) [Not in H. or L.]

1635.

A Vertuous Bawd.

[HAZLITT, No. 51.]

1824

Journal of the Rev. A.

W. A. A.

A BAWD.

A vertuous Bawd, a modest Bawd :

As Shee

Deserves, reprove, or else applaud.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR.



Printed at London for *Henry Goffon*. 1635.



To the neither Noble or Ignoble,
 Lord or Lady, kind or cruell, learned or
 ignorant, curteous or currish, Christian or
*Barbarian, Man or Woman, rich or
 poore: but to all and every one in ge-
 nerall and particular.*

Monsieur, and Madam *Hydra*, to your many Heads
 and varietie of Censures I have made bold to de-
 dicate a poore, harmeleffe, modest, honest, and
 innocent *Bawd*; I know great persons of worth
 and Honour, are daily so visited with penurious shreds of
Schollership fragments of *Hexameters* and *Pentameters*,
 scraps of Poetry, the scum and dregs of wit, and the froth
 and lees of wisdom: One salutes my Lords Lordship at
 Breakfast with a Funerall *Elegie*, lamentably written, and
 is most miserably rewarded for his kindnesse. Another
 hunts out his Worships ungentlemanly Knighthood, (ha-
 ving most intolerably belaboured his name with an *Acro-
 sticke* or *Anagram*) which out of his vacuitie of worthinesse
 hee rewards with not a peny. A third hath belyed such a
 Lady or Gentlewomans Beautie and qualities, in most abo-
 minable fashion, setting her forth for faire and vertuous; for
 the which hee is rewarded according to the subject he wrote
 of, and his owne demerits, with as much as comes to no-
 thing. For these and some other respects, I thought it not
 fit to desire the patronage of any one person in particular,

A 2

it

To the Reader.

it being a subject that is common to all, for all, or any. As men are dispersed universally through the World, so a *Bawd*, being an universall creature, whose function is publickly scattered, I thought it not pertinent or accommodating, that she should be privately protected by any. Therefore as she hath beene, and is for al, so I dedicate her to all, knowing that all are better able to reward the *Poet*, than one alone. And this is further to advertise the Reader, that where I doe speake of Spirituall *Bawdes*, *Bawdry*, *Adultry*, or *Fornication*, that I have avoided prophanitie, obscenity, scurrilitie, and all manner of incivility or indecencie; not meddling with Religion at all, but with a pitiful derision, and merry reprehension, explaining the abuses, foppish and fottish corruptions, that like so many Cankers or Caterpillers have and doe dayly eate, consume and putrifie both the Puritie and Pietie of that Religion which boasts it selfe to be most *Primitive* and *Catholike*. For the other part of this Booke, or *Bawd*, shee is altogether civill or temporall, being not troubled so much as with one good Ecclesiastical word, but merely Paradoxicall; setting forth the rare and singular vertues of a *Bawd*; wherein if any of my Readers can picke any pleasure, it is an apparant signe they have some wit, and if reape any profit, let them either thanke me in words, or else reward me with silence.

Yours so farre, and no further

then you are mine,

JOHN TAILOR.



A B A V V D.

MY Verse is honest, seemly, neat and cleane,
Yet is my Theame polluted and obsceane :
Ile touch foule pitch, yet will not be defild,
My *Muse* shall wade through dirt, & not be soild.
The *Sun* on noysome dunghills shines as well,
As on faire flowers that doe fragrant smell :
The *Ayre* by which we live, doth every where
Breathe still alike upon the poore and Peere.
The *Sea* bears many an old despised * Boat,
Yet on the *Sea* the best Ships doe but float,
And *Earth* allowes to all her scattred brood,
Food, Clothes and Lodging to the bad and good.
Yet *Sun*, *Ayre*, *Sea*, nor *Earth* receive disgrace
By any bountie which they give the base.
Even so my *Muse*, (free from all foule intents)
Doth take example from the Elements,
In laying better studies by a while,
And in cleane fashion write a beastly stile :
Yet will I not my sence or meaning marre ;
With tearmes obscure, or phrases sercht from farre
Nor will I any way equivocate,
With words sophisticall, or intricate,
Vtopian-Fustianisme, poore heathen Greeke,
To put my Readers wits to groape and seeke.

* *Witnesse my paper Boat.*

A 3

Small

A Bawd.

Small eloquence men must expect from me,
My Schollership will name things as they be.
I thinke it good, plaine English, without fraud,
To call a spade a spade, a Bawd a *Bawd*.
Two little Pamphlets I have wrote before,
Which I was bold to call a *Thiefe*, and *Whore*,
Yet was my *Whore* so chaste, that she had not,
From end to end, one foule offensive spot ;
Nor did my *Thiefe* from any man purloyne,
Or liv'd by filching either goods or coyne.
And now by chance it came into my mind,
That with the *Bawd* my Pen was much behind :
My *Whore* was honest, and my *Thiefe* was true,
And in this sort Ile give the *Bawd* her due.
Strange fruit from my poore barren labour springs,
I modestly must use immodest things :
'Tis somewhat hard, but yet it is no riddle,
All *Bawdry* doth not breed below the middle.
So many severall sorts of *Bawds* doe grow,
That where there's not a *Bawd*, 'tis hard to know.
The first with spirituall *Bawds*, whose honor high
Springs from the whoredome of Idolatry,
Cast but your eyes upon the *Man of Rome*,
That stiles himselfe the Head of Christendome,
Christs universall *Vicar*, and *Vicegerent*,
In whom fooles thinke the *Truth* is so inherent,
That he can soules to Heaven or Hell preferre,
And being full of Errours, cannot erre :

And

A Bawd.

And though his *witchcraft* thousands hath entic'd
Hee will be call'd Lieutenant unto *Christ*.
How hath that false Conventicle of *Trent*,
Made lawes w^{ch} *God*, or good men never meant,
Commanding worshipping of stones and stocks,
Of *Relikes*, dead mens bones, and senselesse blocks,
From which adultrate painted Adoration, (tion?
Men (worser then stocks or blocks) must seek salva-
The *Soules* of men are *His* that dearly bought thē,
And he the only way to *Heav'n* hath taught them.
And who so forceth them to false adoring,
Is the maine *Bawd* unto this *Spirituell Whoring*.
Besides, it is apparent, and most cleare,
That he's the greatest *Bawd* the Earth doth beare :
For hee that tolerates the *Stewes* erection,
Allowes them Priviledges and Protection,
Shares in the profit of their fordid sweat,
Reapes yearely Pensions and Revenues great,
Permits the Pole-shorne fry of *Friers* and *Monks*,
For Annuall stipends to enjoy their Puncks.
When * *Paul* the third the *Romish* Miter wore,
He had contributory *Trulls* such store,
To five and fortie thousand they amount,
As then *Romes* Register gave true account.
Besides, it was approv'd, the gaine was cleere
* Full twentie thousand Duckats every yeere.

* Hen. Smith in his *Treat. of Herodot cap. 38 pag 303.*

* Cornelius Agrippa in his *vanity of sciences.*

A Bawd.

Moreover, once a *Bishop* (boasting said,
He had Ten Thousand *Priests* that paid
(Some more, some lesse (by way of Rent or fines,
Each * one of them for keeping *Concubines*.
And he that keepes none, payes as much as he
As for his vse doth keepe one, two or three.
Al's one, the *Priests* must pay t'augmēt the treasure
Keepe or not keep, *Whore* or not *Whore* at pleasure.
Now judge, good Reader, have I said amisse,
Was ever any *Bawdry* like to this ?
Pope ^a *Alexander* of that name the sixt,
With his owne childe incestuously commixt.
And *Paul* the third (affecting the said Game)
With his owne ^b daughter did commit the same :
And after with his sister tooke such course,
That he with her did doe as bad or worse.
Iohn the thirteenth, and other more, 'tis plaine
Have with their sisters and their daughters laine.
And when their stomacks have been gone & past,
To Princes they have married them at last.

*Idem. ^a *Lucrece* was first married to her own brother the sonne of Pope Alexander the sixt, she being daughter to the said Pope, and daughter in law to him by the marriage with his son. And being concubine to the said Pope, he caused her after his sonne her husbands death, to be married to three princes one after another: First to Duke Iohn Sforza. Secondly, to Lewis sonne to Alphonsus King of Arragon. Thirdly, to Alphonsus D'Est Duke of Ferrara. ^b Her name was Constanca, she was married to a Duke named Sforza, but the Pope her father poysoned her because he could not lawfully enjoy her. Also for the like he poysoned his sister.

Heers

A Bawd.

Here's *Bawds* of State, of high and mighty place,
Our *Turnbul* street poore *Bawds* to these are base.
But these brave doings better to disclose,
A little while Ile turne my Verse to Prose.

The forenamed *Lucrece* being dead, had this Epitaph bestowed on her, written by *Pontanus* :

*Here lies Lucrece by name, but Thais in life,
The Popes child, and spouse, & yet his own sons wife.*

Besides, I found a cursed Catalogue of these venereal Caterpillers, who were suppressed with the Monasteries in *England*, in the time of King *Henry* the eight, with the number of trugs, which each of them kept in those daies, as these; *Christopher Iames* a Monke of the order of Saint *Bennet* in *Canterbury*, had three whores, all married women: *William* Abbot of *Bristol*, foure: *Nicholas Whyden* Priest kept foure in *Windsor* Castle: in the same place *George Whitthorne* five, *Nicholas Spoter* five, *Robert Hunne* five, *Robert Davefon* fixe, *Richard* the Prior of *Maidenbeadly* five; In *Shuldred* Monastery in *Chichester* Diocesse, *George Walden* the Prior seven, *Iohn Standnep* seven, *Nicholas Duke* five; In *Bath* Monastery *Richard Lincombe* seven, three of them married: *Iohn Hill* in the Cathedral Church at *Chichester* but thirteen; *Iohn White* Prior of *Bermondsey* had no more but twentie: all this Rabble was found and known in *England*; let
a man

A Bawd.

a man imagine then how many were not known, and what a goodly brood of Barnes were fathered upon those that never begat them : withall, if *England* were so stored with them, it is not to bee doubted but all the rest of the *Christian* world did swarme with these lecherous *Locusts*.

Moreover, much knavery (Bawdery I should say) may bee covered under the vaile of Auricular Confession ; for the Priest having a yong prettie maid or wife at shrift, will know her disposition, groape out all her secret conveyances, and craftily under feele her policies, and for a penance for her faults past, she is enjoyned to commit a sin present. The unloading of her Conscience (many times) proving the burthen of her belly Forty weekes after. And in this manner the most zealous Catholicke, or the most jealous *Italian*, may bee most devoutely cornuted under the cloake of Confession and Absolution.

Besides a most pernicious *Bawd* is hee,
That for poore ^b scraps, and a bare ten pounds fee,
Dares not his mighty Patron to offend,
Or any way his vices reprehend,
Nor preach 'gainst pride, oppression, usury,
Dice, drinke, or drabbes, vaine oathes or simony,

^b A flattering hireling Preacher, is a *Bawd* to the vices of his surly Patron, and an hypocriticall conniver at the crying finnes of his Audience.

Nor

A Bawd.

Nor Veniall sinne or Mortall, or nothing
That may his Worship in the *Withers* wring :
But every way must fit his Text and time,
To leave untoucht th'Impropiators crime ?
Thus those whose functions *Heaven* doth signifie,
(Who should like trumpets lift their voices high)
Are mute and muzled, for a hireling price,
And so are *Bawds* unto their Patrons vice ;
For hee's a *Bawd* who doth his living winne,
By hiding, or by flattring peoples sinne ;
The * Prince of darknesse, King of *Acheron*,
Great Emperour of *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,
Cocytus Monarch, high and mighty *Dis*,
Who of Great *Limbo-lake* Commander is,
Of *Tartary*, of *Erebus*, and all
Those Kindomes which men *Barathrum* doe call,
Hee is the chiefeft *Bawd*, and still he plods
To send us whoring after godlesse gods :
And by his sway, and powerfull instigation,
Hath made the world starke drunke with fornica-
For since the first Creation, never was (tion.
The least degree of *Bawdry* brought to passe,
But he began it, and contriv'd it still,
He layd the plot, and did the Act fulfill.
So that of all the *Bawds* that ever were,
The *Devill* himselfe the Bell away doth beare :
Yet all his whoring base Idolatrie,
Did seeme *Religious zealous* sanctitie.

* *The Devill is the chiefe Bawd.*

As

A Bawd.

As thus

He blinded and withdrew people so farre from the service and knowledge of the true *God*, that they prayed to *Pomona* for the encrease of their fruit, to *Ceres* for Corne and Graine, to *Silvanus* for wilde-fowle, to *Bacchus* for wine, to *Neptune* for fish, to *Mars* for the successe of Wares and Captaines, to *Phæbus* for Physicke and Musicke, to *Saturne* for labourers and workmen in husbandry, to *Pallas* for valour, to *Minerva* for wisdom, to *Iupiter* for men of state and port, to *Iuno* for Pompe and Jewels, to *Vulcan* for fire and lightning, to *Venus* for beauty and lascivious pleasure, to *Luna* for calmnes and faire weather, to *Pluto* for riches, to *Mercury* for learning and eloquence, to *Flora* for flowers, to *Proteus* for disguises, to *Pan* for Pypers, to *Eolus* for winds and stormes, to *Bellona* for battells and conquests, to *Lucina* for women with child, to *Faunus* for Goats and Venison, to *Clotho* for spinning out the thread of life, to *Lachesis* for wynding or reeling it, and to *Atropos* for cutting it off: nay hee led them into more ridiculous sorts of spirituall adultery, as to worship with religious adoration, Cats, Dogges, Toades, Beetles, Serpents, Fooles, Madmen, Privies, Onions, Garlicke, and many other damnable inventions, not to be numbred.

Neverthelesse, whosoever will but looke into
the

A Bawd.

the lying Legend of Golden Gullery, there they shall finde that the poore seduced ignorant Romanists doe imitate all the idolatrous fornication of the Heathen Pagans, and Infidels; and that they put there Hee and Shee Saints, to farre more baser and ignominious offices, then these vnbeleevers of former ages did dare to put vpon their (vaine imaginarie) gods, as they make Saint *Crespine* a Shoomaker, and Saint *Roch* the Patron of Sowters and Coblers, they put Saint *Wendelin* to keepe sheepe, and they make Saint *Pelage* a Cowheard or Neatherd, Saint *Antony* hath the protection of their Swine, Saint *Vitus* or *Vitellus, alias*, Saint *Calfe*, an excellent patron or protector to cure those that are bitten of a Spider called *Terrantulla*, or *Phallanx*. They acknowledge Saint *Gertrude* for an excellent Rat-catcher, and Saint *Hubert* for a good Dogge-Keeper (some say a cunning Huntsman :) the Smiths must pray to *Eloye*, the Painters to Saint *Luke*, the Bakers must inuocate Saint *Honore*, the Mariners Saint *Nicholas*, Saint *Yue* is for the Lawyers, and Saint *Anne* to finde things that are stolne or lost, whilst Saint *Leonard* is the onely Saint to set prisoners at liberty, by opening the dores in the night, and make their Shackles fall off without any noyse or knocking. Besides they make *Iob* a Physician to cure the Pox, when as that
foule

A Bawd.

foule difeafe was not knowne in any part of the world many hundred yeares after *Iobs* dayes; for in the yeare 1496. (*Charles* the eight being then the *French King*) the Pox was brought from *Naples* into *France*, having but a little before bin very thriftily by the Spaniards purchafhed from the Americans or West Indians: And therefore they doe *Iob* wrong to make a Mountebank of him, in afcribing cures to him beyond his skill or knowledge: but all is one for that, he muft be content with his office, as Saint *Valentine* is with the falling fickneffe, Saint *Roch* with fcabs and scurfes, Saint *Sebastian* with the Plague, Saint *Eutrope* the Dropfie, Saint *Genou* the Gowt, Saint *Petronella* the Ague or any Fever, Saint *Apollonia* the Tooth-ach; * Saint *Romane* they fay, difpoffeffeth Devils out of the poffeffed, & Saint *Maturine* is the mad mens Saint to cure the Frenzie. It is to bee doubted, that Phyficians and Chirurgians have fmall takings, where all thefe skilful Saints are fo employed, except now and then they get a Patient by chance, when the good Saint is over-bufied, or not at leafure.

Moreover, there is a great contention amongst them, to what Saint they fhall commit the keeping of their Geefe: fome will have Saint *Andoch*, fome Saint *Gallicet*, and fome Saint *Feriall*: the

* *A glifter of Holy water I thinke, would better drive out the Devill.*

bufineffe

A Bawd.

businesse is very weighty, and requires mature deliberation and ripe judgement: some there are that would deprive Saint *Wendoline* (before named) of his keeping sheepe, and bestow the place upon Saint *Woolfe*, which is a very unfutable name for a Shepheard.

By this which hath been said, the Reader may perceive what a cunning *Bawd* the *Devill* is, to adulterate the true service of the eternall *God* with these whorish inventions. And so though I could amplifie this point to a larger extent, in describing spirituall *Bawds* and *Bawdry*, yet now I thinke fitting to avoid tediousnesse, and so treat of this subject in other garbes and fashions.

It is reported by *Henry Stephens* in his Apology or defence of *Herodotes*, the first Book, 21. Chapt. pag. 182. That a merry disposed Priest got a pretty Lasse behind the high Altar upon a good Friday in the morning, where he thought all the Hee and Shee Saints were contented to keepe Counsell, but it was knowne to the Legate of *Auignon* (by the intelligence of no Saint) which Legate after hee had wisely considered on what day and time, and in what place the cleanly conveyance was acted, he out of his charitie concluded a Priest to be mortal, and that flesh was fraile, for which respects (upon promise of amendment) hee was absolved and released.

More-

A Bawd.

Moreover great *Emperours and Kings have been *Bawdes*, as *Suetonius Tranquillius* writes of *Tiberius Cæsar*, that he had Cels, and Caves, and Vaults in his house, where hee had a nursery of Whores, and oftentimes would have the execrable sport committed in his presence. The Emperour *Domitian* followed his admirable example and *Heliogabolus* went so farre beyond them in the Art of *Bawdry*, that he made Punies of them both. And of latter yeares a *King of *Castile*, called *Henry, the unable*, because he could not have a child by his wife to inherit after him, he kindly intreated one of his Lords to take the paines to beget an Heire for him.

There was a rich Burger of *Antwerp*, a Mercer by his trade, who was a *Bawd* to his owne wife (though it was against his will or knowledge) but I blame him not, for I doubt hee hath many more fellowes as innocent and ignorant as himselfe, but this was the case, his wife wearing Corke-shooes, was somewhat light-heel'd, and like a foule player at Irish, sometimes she would beare a man too many, and now and then make a wrong Entrance: The summe was that shee lou'd a Doctor of Physicke well, and to attaine his company shee knew no better or safer way, then to faine herselfe sicke,

* *Emperours have bene Bawdes.* * *A King of Castile, or Spaine, Bawd to his owne wife.*

that

A Bawd.

that he under the colour of visitation might feele her pulses, and apply such cordiall Remedies as might either ease or cure her.

In briefe, the Doctor being sent for, comes and finds the Mercer her husband walking in his shop with a neighbour of his, where after a Leash of *Conges*, and a brace of *Bæza los manus*, the Mercer told him that his Wife is a languishing sicke woman, and withall intreats him to take the paines to walke up the staires, and minister some comfort unto her. Master Doctor, who knew her disease by the Symptomes, ascends up into the Chamber to his longing Patient, staying an houre with her, applying such directions and refections, that her health was upon the sudden almost halfe recovered; so taking his leave of her (with promise of often visitation) hee comes downe into the shop, where the guiltlesse *Bawd* her husband was, who demanding of the Doctor how all did above, truly quoth he, much better then when I came, but since I went up, your wife hath had two such strange violent fits upon her, that it would have grieved your very heart to have seene but part of one of them.

I my selfe doe know two men that lighted by chance into one of these houses of Iniquitie in *Antwerpe*, and I dare be sworne that they went to commit no carnall act, nor did commit any; but
B they

A Bawd.

they perceiving a pretty painted peece of Punks flesh, did suspect in what house they were, the one of them taking her by the hand, did aske her some questions (wherein I thinke was not one word of God;) the other impatient that his fellow had ingroft all the familiarity and talke with the wench, begins to stampe, knocke and call, at which the man of the house enters, demanding, What doe ye lacke? You base rascall, quoth the other, have you no more Whores in your house, must I stand like a lacke an Apes heere empty handed? Good sir, (quoth mine Hoast) bee patient, and I will presently send mine owne wife to waite upon you.

Nor is the skill and knowledge of a substantiall or absolute *Bawd* easily gotten or learned; no my Masters, there is more in the matter then so; Frist, shee is a young prettie Girle, and passeth time away in the instructions, rudiments, and documents of a Whore, till shee hath attained (with many hazards) to the yeares of 30 or 35. in all which space she hath not spent her time idly, but hath beene a creature of much use, having for the common cause, adventur'd the blemmish of her Reputation, the rigour of the Lawes, as whippings, Penance, Imprisonments, Fines, Fees to Justices Clarkes, Beadles, and such inferiour Reliques of Authoritie. Besides, her valorous combates and
conflicts

A Bawd.

conflicts with Diseases, (wherein shee often approves her selfe one of the profitablest members in a Common-wealth to Physicians and Chyrurgians :) having (I say) passed all these degrees with much perill and jeopardie of her body, *then looke higher and thinke but on the shipwracke of her soule, (an adventure of a greater price then shee is aware of;) then towards the declining of her life, and that her beautie fades, What a deale of charge is shee at with sophisticated Art, White and Red, to emplayster decayed Nature? Her humilitie being such, that when her owne head is bald, shee will weare the cast haire of any hee for shee sinner, that made a voyage in a string from *Tyburne*, to either *Heaven* or *Hell*. And lastly when as Art can no longer hide the furrowed or wrinkled deformities of her over-worne Age; then (like a true wel-willer to the old trade shee hath ever followed,) Whoring having left her very unkindly before shee was willing to leaue it: shee (as her proper right for her long service) takes upon her the office and authority of a *Bawd*, and as shee was brought up her selfe, so with motherly Care her Employment is to bring up others, wherein her paines is not small, in hyring Countrey wenches, that come up weekly with Carryers, and putting them in Fashion, felling

* *No toleration.*

B 2

one

A Bawd.

one Maydenhead three or foure hundred times, and sometimes with great labour and difficulty shee's forced to perswade mens wiues and daughters; all which considered, a *Bawd* doth not get her living with so great ease as the world supposeth; nor is her adventure, paines, charge and perill to be inconsiderately slighted.

And as blabbing, babbling, taletelling, and discovering the faults and fraileties of others, is a most cōmon and evill practice amongst too many: so on the other side, the vertues of a *Bawd* are much illustrated and confirmed by contrary effects: For she is the maine store-house of secrecie, the Maggazin of taciturnity, the closet of connivence, the mumbudget of silence, the cloakebagge of rouncell, and the Capcase, fardle, packe, * male (or female) of friendly toleration. Shee is full of intolerable charity, for her whole trade and course of life is to hide and cover the faults of the greatest offenders, in which regard shee is one of the principall secretaries to the great Goddesse *Venus*, and one of her industrious vigilant most horrible priuie counsell, not being ignorant of the liberall Arts and Sciences, and exceedingly qualified in the seven deadly sinnes. And (for her further behoofe) shee hath an insight and can fashion her selfe to the humors of all Nations, degrees, conditons,

* *A necessary male for a man to trusse vp his trinkets in.*

mysteries

A Bawd.

mysteries and occupations.

First, for her knowledge in the Arts and Sciences, she hath the grounds of ^a *Grammar*, whereby she can speake and write *Amorously*, *fainedly*, *merrily*, *lamentably*, *craftily*, *purposely*, *Bawdily*: these words all ending in Lye (doe make her true dealing questionable) yet her ayme is to live *profitably*, though her fate is to dye *miserably*. Her skill in ^b *Astronomy* cannot be small, for shee hath beene an often starre-gazer lying on her backe, practis'd in elevations, retrogradations, Conjunctions, and planetary revolutions; but indeed shee is more addicted to accept the *Moone* for her Mistresse, than the *Sunne* for her Master, which makes her expert in nightworkes, ever changing from quarter to quarter, not long abiding in any place: sometimes shining in Lady-like resplendant brightnesse, with admiration, and suddenly againe eclipsed with the pitchy and *tenebrous* clouds of contempt and deserved defamation. Sometimes at the *Full* at *Pickt-hatch*, and sometimes in the *Wane* at *Bridewell*.

A *Bawd* is a ^c *Logician*, which is perceived by her subtill and circumventing speeches, doubtfull and ambiguous Apothegmes, double significations, intricate, witty, and cunning equivocations, (like a skilfull Fencer that casts his eye upon a mans foot,

^a *A Bawd a Gramarian.* ^b *An Astronomer* ^c *A Logician.*

B 3

and

A Bawd.

and hits him a knock on the pate) so she, by going the further about, comes the neerer home, and by casting out the *Lure*, makes the *Tassel-gentle* come to her fist.

For *Rhetoricke*, she must have the *Theoricke* and *Practicke*, that though the subject of her Discourse or writing be foule and deformed, yet must shee (like a ^d Medicine-monger, Quack-salver, that covers his bitter pills in Sugar) with the Embroidery of her Eloquence, flourish over her immodest pretences, under the enchanting and various colours of pleasure, profit, estimation, love, reputation, and many more the like.

But of all the ^e *Arts*, I think she be most unperfect in *Arithmeticke*; for though she hath been brought up to know *Divisions & Multiplications*, yet shee hath traded but by *Retaile*, altogether in *Fractions* and *broken Numbers*, so that her accounts were feldome or never to number her dayes, not caring for the *Past* or the *Future*, her mind (like a *Diall*) alwayes fixed upon the *Present* given much to over and under-reckonings, for at fourty yeeres old she would be but twenty-one, & at threescore shee will be no lesse then fourescore: so that the marke being out of her mouth, we must take the Apocryphall account of her age from he owne *Arithmeticke* without any further warrant.

^d *Mountebank, Ratcatcher, or Landloper.* ^e *Arithmatick.*

Cor-

A Bawd.

Cornelius Agrippa approves a *Bawd* for an excellent ^a*Geometrician* for devising engines to climbe into windowes, as ladders of Ropes, or such like, to scale the castle of comfort in the night, or the making of Picklocks or false keyes, wherein the *Bawds* care and providence is great, in greazing & oyling locks, bolts, and hinges, to avoid noyse, she knowes her *Angles, Triangles, quadrangles*, squares, rounds, circles, semicircles, and centers, her altitudes, longitudes, latitudes and dimensions; yet for all this skill of hers, she hath much adoe to live squarely, according to *Geometricall rules*, or to live within any reasonable *Compasse*.

As for ^b*Musicke*, it is to be conjectured by her long practise in *Prickesong*, that there is not any note above *Ela*, or below *Gammoth*, but she knows the *Diapason*: (a *Bawd* is old dog at a *Hornepipe*, her chiefest Instrument is a *Sackbut*, her female *minikins* do bring in her *Meanes*, and her *Trebles*, the *Tenor* of all is that her selfe is the *Base*.) Besides, there are many pretty provocatory *Dances*, as the Kissing dance, the Cushman dance, the Shaking of the sheets, and such like, which are important instrumentall causes, whereby the skilfull hath both clients and custome.

^c*Poetry* many times (though shee understand it not) doth her as good service; for the most of our

^a *Geometry.* ^b *Musicke.* ^c *Poetry.*

B 4

great

A Bawd.

great *Bawds* are diligently waited on by scurrilous oylie sonneting, practicall, Poeticall, Panegyricall *Panders*, quaint trencher Epigrammatists, hungry and needy *Anagrammongers*, their conceits being either commending or provoking *Bawdry*: as one being requested by a Gentleman to invent him a poesie for a Ring which hee ment to give his Love, the conceit was: *Have you any Logges to cleave?*

^a *Painting* and graving are now and then profitable servants to *Bawds*, as the naked Pictures of *Venus*, and *Diana* and her darlings; *Aretine*, and divers other in that kinde can testifie; but commonly all shee-*Bawds*, are or have been painters themselves or painters of themselves, by which bold practice they are bold, adventrous, impudent, and audacious, fearing no colours.

As for ^b *Physicke* and *Chirurgery*, she hath beene so much practis'd vpon, that by long continuance, shee's a most excellent *Empericke*, so that a man need not doubt but an ancient professed *Bawd* can play the Mountebanke.

Moreover, many old *Bawds* are skil'd in ^c *Palmestry* or *Chiromancy*, by looking into the hand of a man or woman, or *Phisiognomy*, and *Metoposcopi*, in viewing of the face or forehead, by which shee professeth to tell the parties how many husbands or wives they shall have, how long they shall live,

^a *Painting.* ^b *Physicke and Chirurgerie.* ^c *Palmestry and Fortune-telling.*

when

A Bawd.

when they are neere a good or bad turne; but above all, her skill is much credited to helpe yong women breed and fructifie, so that if shee be as barren as a Stockfish, yet the matronly medicines and instructions of this wise cunning woman, will in a little time make her encrease with a vengeance, and multiply with a mischief.

Besides her skill in these forenamed Arts and sciences, she hath an insight and practice into all Mysteries and manuell trades: she can imitate a deceitfull ^d*Mercer* in setting out her ware, faire to the eye, and false in the dye, with an outside of glorious glosse, and an inside of rotten decayed drosse, more for pride or pleasure, then for providence or profit.

Like a bold ^a*Grocer*, she cares not a *Figge* for any man, she knows flesh is *fraile*, yet she hath many *Reasons* to live by, she runns her *race* long, and she is able to *Pepper* as many as have any dealing with her; tooth *Lickorish*, tongue *Lickorish*, &c. Shee knowes a bribe to a Catchpole is as sufficient as an *Almond* for a *Parrot*, to free her from the heate of the *Mace*. Master *Clove* at the signe of the *Sugar-loafe*, is a sweet youth, whose *Candied* Visitation will keepe her estate *Currant* till age and diseases weare her quite out of *date*.

^bA young rich heire newly come to his lands

^d*Mercer* ^a*Grocer*.

or

A Bawd.

or portion, is a *Bawds Broadcloth*, whom she measures out in parts, I will not tell you with what yard, but I thinke no *London* measure, till in the end, onely a poore *Remnant* remaines; her meaner Merchandise are *Tradefmen*, and poore *Serving-men*; these serve for course *Kerfies*, *Bayes*, *Cottons*, and *Pennistones*, to line her inside with *Sacke*, *Hot waters*, and *Aqua vitæ*.

Though shee live after the flesh, all is ^c*Fish* that comes to the Net with her; shee is a cunning Angler, and gets her living by hooke or by crooke, shee hath bayts for all kinde of *Frye*: A great Lord is her *Groneland Whale*, a Countrey Gentleman is her *Cods-head*, a rich Citizens sonne is her *Sows'd Gurnet*, or her *Gudgeon*, A Puritan is her *Whiting-mopp*, her *Lobster* is a Scarlet Townsman, and a severe Iustice of Peace is her *Crab*; her meanest Customers are *Sprats* and *Pilchards*, whilest the Puncke is her *Salt Eele*, and the Pander her *Sharke & Sword-fish*; And though shee deale most in *Scorpio*, yet shee holds correspondencie with *Pisces*, for they are both Signes that attend upon *Venus*: *Friday* is her day, and a day of doome to more Fish then all the dayes in the weeke beside. And Fish by nature is provocatory, as appears by the chaste lives of fasting fish-eating *Fryers* and *Nuns*, whose notorious (*qufia*)

^c *Fish-mongers and Fishermen.*

meri-

A Bawd.

meritorious continency is touched partly afore.

She differs from the ^d*Goldsmith* in the *Touch* the *Test*, and the *Weight*, yet she puts the best side of her ware outward; she casts and hammers her wenches into all fashions; she hath them burnished, polish'd, punish'd, and turn'd, and if any of them by a fall, or too much heat bee bruised, crack'd, or broken, shee can solder them together againe, and make them marketable.

There is scarce any Art, Mystery, Trade or Manuall Occupation, but a *Bawd* hath a reference or allusion to it, or it to her. Therefore to runne division through them all, would be long labour to little purpose: In which respects having spoken of a few, Ile skip over the rest to avoyd tediousnesse; and to free my selfe from the imputation of partialitie, I will at last allude her to a Water-man; for of all Degrees, Languages, Tongues, Nations, Ages, Sexes, Functions, and Fraternities are welcome and well entertain'd to the one and the other (provided that they bring money in their purses.) And as the Waterman rowes one way, and looks another, so a *Bawd's* words and meaning doe very feldome goe together.

Our five Senses are the Cinque Ports of *Bawdry*, each one in his office being the Hearts *Baud*: The *Hearing* conveyes Tunes, Tales, Rymes,

^d *Goldsmith.*

Riddles,

A Bawd.

Riddles, Songs, Sonnets, and Madrigals. The *Sight* wanders, seareth, seekes, finds, and brings home (into the very bedchamber of the heart) amorous actions: provocatory gestures, effeminate glances, alluring looks, pictures of prostitution, and venereal vanities. The *Taste* plays the *Bawd* with both Art and Nature, and seareth through the Earth, Seas, and Skies for variety of temptations; poore and innocent Lamstones, Potatoes, Eringoes, Crabs, Scallops, Lobsters, Wilkes, Cockles, Oysters, Anchoves and Caveare, Cock sparrowes, Coxcombe-pyes, and all manner of feathred fowle from the *Eagle* to the *Wren*, doe waite vpon the *Taste*, and the *Taste* attends the appetite. The *Smell* is the senting *Bawd*, that huffs and snuffs up and downe, and hath the game alwayes in the winde, that is a right smell-smocke sense, who is wonderfully pleased to be led by the nose, can hunt dry-foot, and smell out venery nimbler then a pinchgut Vsurer will nose out a feast.

Touching or *Feeling* is a very merry *Bawd* and though a man or woman can neither *Heare*, *See*, *Taste* or *Smell*, yet *Feeling* may remaine: It is the last sense that keeps vs companie, and were it not for *feeling* all the rest of the senses were but senselesse.

And thus much more in excuse of a *Bawd*, though shee live by one of the Seaven Deadly Sinnes,
which

A Bawd.

which is *Lechery*; No man can deny *Pride* to be another of the faid *Septarchy*, yet the Mercer, the Silkeman, the Embroyderer, the Drawer, the Cutter, the Taylor & the Feather-maker, the new fashion-monger, the Divell and all thrive by *Pride*, and might shut up shop, if *Pride* were not.

Gluttonie and *Drunkennesse* is another of the brood, yet were it not for superfluous, voluptuous gurmmandizing, and extraordinary swinish swilling and drinking; the Wine-Merchant, the Vintner, the Malt-man, the Brewer, the Tapster, Poulterer, the sellers of Eringoes and Potatoes, and the Cooke would have but very cold takings.

Couetousnesse is another whelpe of the same kind, yet were it not for ravenous oppression, devouring Extortion, biting Vfurie, Bribery, Deceit, and Coozenage, *Dives* would not, or could not fare deliciously and bee clad in Purple, nor the hackney Coach bee in such common request.

Envie is a high point of State, and he is no perfect Politician that repines not at the happinesse of all men (but himselfe :) commonly it gives due attendance in Princes Courts, and feedes vpon the detraction of Noble actions; It eates into honour, as a Canker doth into the best and choysest fruit, yet doth it live, thrive, weare good cloathes, is ssteemed a talent of high wisedome and valour.

Wrath is a blood-hound of the aforesaid kennell,

A Bawd.

nell, yet Armourers, Cutlers, Fencers, Chyrurgians, and Bone-fetters would bee idle, and want imployment and meanes, if *Wrath* did not overcome *Patience*, and *Madnesse* dispossesse *Discretion* and *Reason*.

Sloth is the laft of the lift, (and wel may it come laft, becaufe it is the laziefte) yet is it a Gentleman-like quality, and a Lady-like difpofition to be idle, and live upon the fweat of others; Manuall trades, or handicrafts are counted bafe and mercenary, and good induftry is contemptible; laudable endeavours Mechanicall, and to take paines and labour, is drudgery and meere flavery.

Thus by *Pride* a man may come to bee one o the Mafters of his Parifh; by *Gluttony* and *Drunkenneffe*, he may hap to mount to a place of reputation and worfhip; by *Covetoufneffe* he may get a damnable deale of wealth, and be accounted a good man; by *Envy*, he may be efteemed conceited, politike, grave and wife: by *Wrath* he may gaine the titles of valiant and refolute; and by *Sloth* and *Idlenesse* hee may be perfectly knowne for a Genman: *And is it not a wonder, that thefe fixe deadly finnes, fhould bee fo uncharitable to the feventh, as to rob it of all earthly reputation, when

** All vices are in high account and great refpect, but onely a Bawds occupation: yet many men have an itching defire in private, to that which he will condemne in publike.*

if

A Bawd.

if a man doe confider them rightly, there is never a barrell better Herring; nor doth the *Bawd* live in a worfe eftate or condition, than the *Proudeft Gluttonous Drunkard*, or the moft *Covetous, Envious* wretch: The *Wrathfull* bloudy villaine, or the *idle flothfull* drone, are clogd with vices as vile and abominable as a *Bawd*, yet for all this, the purblind partiall world doth hugge, embrace, cherifh and reverence all thefe enormities, onely a *Bawd*, a filly painfull, ferviceable *Bawd*, is held odious and contemptible.

Commonly moft of the fhee-*Bawds* have a peculiar priviledge more than other women: for generally they are not ftarveling creatures, but well larded and emboft with fat, fo that a *Bawd* hath her mouth three ftories of Chinnes high, and is well-fed Embleme of plentie; and though fhee bee but of fmall eftimation, yet is fhe alwayes taken for a great woman amongst her neighbours.

* On former Shrove-Tuesdays, when the unruly Rabble did falſely take upon them the name of *London* Prentices, then two or three thouſand of thoſe boot-haling pillaging Rascalls, would march madly to the habitations of the moſt famous *Bawds*, where they would robuſtiously venter, breaking open Doores, battring downe Wals,

* *The patience of a Bawd.*

tearing

A Bawd.

tearing downe tyles, pulling downe windowes, rending Trunkes, Chestes, Cupboords, Tables, and Bedsteads in pieces; ripping and embowelling Bolsters and Featherbeds, ravishing her mayds or stale virgins, spoyling all they stole not, and stealing what they liked, beating the grave *Bawd*, and all her female vermine, most unmanly and vnmanly. In all which uncivill civill hostilitie, the singular *patience* of the *Bawd*, is worthy admiration; not giving any of these landsharkes an ill word, or shewing any signe of anger or desire of revenge, but intreating the most rough-hewd *Rogues* in the company, with the stiles of honest worthy *Gentlemen*, with I pray you, I humbly *desire* you, I heartily *beseech* you, to assuage your fury, appease your wrath mollifie your anger, suppress your ire, mitigate your rage. These and like Phrases a modest ancient *Bawd* would discreetly vtter to her greatest enemies, rendring good words for bad deedes, when they were doing or had done to her all the mischiefs before named, nor ever after would shee offer to take any legall course, as to cause them to bee brought before a Iustice, whereby the Law might in some sort give her satisfaction. In which sufferance the great *patience* of a *Bawd* is remarkable

We doe esteeme a *Fountaine*, *Well*, or *Spring* to be the more cleere from poyson, if a Toad, a Newt,

A Bawd.

Newt, or a snake, be in either of them, for we imagine that those venomous creatures doe sucke or extract all the contagion of that Chrif탈ine Element into themselves. ^aIn the like nature, a *Bawd* is the snuffers of the Common-wealth, and the most wholesome or necessary Wheele-barrow or Tumbrell, for the close conveyance of mans luxurious nastinesse, and fordid beaftiality. Ravens, Kites, Crowes, and many other birds of prey, are tolerated to live unhurt, not for any good that is in themselves, but because they doe good offices in devouring and carying away our Garbage and noysome excrements, which they live by: and if they were not our voluntary Scavengers, we should be much annoyed with contagious favours of these corrupted offals. These are the right paternes of an industrious *Bawd*, for shee pickes her living out of the laystall or dunghil of our vices; if she thrive and grow fat, it is with the *Merdurinous* draffe of our imperfections, (for shee is seldome beholding to an honest man for so much as a meales meat) she robs not the vertuous of any part of their virtue, she lives only by the vicious, and in this sort she is an executioner of sinners, and in the end gives the most wicked cause to repent, leaving them such aking remembrance in their joynts, that their very bones rattle in their skins.

^aThe necessity of a Bawd.

C

In

A Bawd.

In other trades, when Apprentices come out of their yeares, they are allowed to set up for themselves, and to have other Apprentices under them. He that hath been a *Grammar* Scholler, when hee commeth to ripenesse of learning and judgement, will thinke himselfe able and sufficient to bee a *Schoolemaster*, and to have Schollers under him: and why should not ^b *Whores* have a Mistresse of their owne dealing-trade, that they may have Apprentices under their nurture and discipline, who may by their obedience in their minoritie, be advanced to command others in the same mysterie or occupation? And therefore the law (in this point) favouring their vocation, why should any Censorious *Cato* plead the Law for banishing of any *Bawdes*?

Why should any Ecclesiasticall Lawes in Forraigne Countreyes, debarre *Bawds* and their disciples from the Sacrament; as if they were not in Charity, when as they are knowne to be so Catholically charitable, that they extend their ^c loue to all without exception, and are ready enough to forgive all the world, knowing themselves to bee such great offenders, that they much need forgiveness?

Wel fare ^d the Common-wealth plotted by *Plato*, who would have no woman appropriated

^b *The equity of a Bawd.* ^c *The charity of a Bawd.* ^d *The philosophy of a Bawd.*

to

A Bawd.

to any man (it seemes he was a great enemy against inclosures, who would have all thus lye common) his reason was very Philosophicall, the like whereof is not to be found either in *Don Quixot*, or Sir *Thomas Moores* Vtopia, namely, that when no child had any proper father, every man would love every childe as his owne, and so the whole City should be happy in a Combination of an universall love equally extended to all. If so wise a man as *Plato*, was not ashamed to make himselfe the universall *Bawd* of a whole Common-wealth, why should any of our unlearned neighbours that have read farre fewer Bookes than hee, be ashamed to be accounted procuring Panders in one house, in the skirts of a City, for the *Platonicall* Conjunction of their neighbours within a street or two adjoining.

* In *Italy* and most civill Countreys, it is counted a most uncivill curiosity to aske any man (though after long acquaintance) of what religion he is, or whence he cometh, or whither he goeth, or whether hee be a married man, or intend to marry. Who then more civill or fairely mannered then the *Bawdes*: or they never put any of their customers to the racke to confesse, nor doe they torture their guests with the sawcy inquiry of whence come you? How long will you tarry in Towne? Have you a wife at home Or are you a loose Batche-

* *The civility of a Bawd.*

C 2

lor?

A Bawd.

lor? are you a Gentleman? a Merchant, or Tradef-man? are you a Catholike, or reformed? the *Bawd* I say, is so civill, that shee never will aske any of these questions; one thing onely she studieth and practiseth, which is diligently to demand *whether a man have any mony in his purse, which is no impertinent question: for the Law doth authorize a *Landlor* to demand his *Rent* vpon the ground where it is due, although sometimes hee lets his *tenant* enjoy his house or land a quarter, or halfe a yeere before he receive any rent: A waterman sweats and lands his fare before he lookes for mony. The *Host* suffers his guest to eate his meate, before *anon, anon*, with the white Apron comes in with thus much to pay, and yee are welcome; no man at any game takes up his winnings before the Game be wonne; an *Vsurer* takes no forfeit before the day of payment be past; but the *Bawd* in her demand is more wise and provident, then all these trades and functions, for shee like a Butcher takes present pay for her flesh, she will be sure to have her wages before she afford you her penny-worth, you shall not drinke at her muddy *Well* before you pay for it. Shee knowes that *Hope* and *Desire* of *that* which is to come, is a better paymaster, then grudging remembrance of fruition of that which is past. Herein shee hath good examples to follow of no meane vocations, the learned *Physician* and
Chirur-

A Bawd.

Chirurgian would be loth to expect their reward till the cure be performed; the honestest Lawyer would plead but coldly if he might receive no Fees till his clients cause were judged. A Fencer will fight but faintly if he should take no mony before his prize were plaid, & the Players on their Publike stage would act very poorly if their audience did not pay at their first comming in.

The greedy haling and pulling of other mens goods, or insatiate appetite to feed, ingurgitate, guzzle and swill, are apparant markes or tokens of *Intemperance*; who then more *Temperate* then a *Bawd*? for *shee is so full of modestie that she lives onely vpon what people doe give her; Men doe voluntarily bring her revenues to her, shee kindly takes no more than shee can get, nor receives any thing but what is brought her, and as the Taylor steales not at all, because men do freely (and vnconstrained) deliver their goods to him; even so, the *Bawd* cannot be taxed with depriving any man of more than he idley parts withall.

Wise men have said, that *vertue* hath no great praise where there is no allurement or temptation to *vice*, and therefore have accounted it but small mastery for a *Iudge* to be uncorrupt where there are no *bribes* stirring, for a poore *Clowne* to bee *humble* that hath neither *money* nor *Cloathes* to bee *proud* of; for a *Drunkard* to bee *sober* where is no

* *The temperance of a Bawd.*

C 3

drinke

A Bawd.

drinke but faire *water*; for a notorious *thiefe* to re-
fraine from *filching*, where there is not any thing
to *steale*, or for one to live *chast* in a *Monasterie* or
Nunnery: But here is the eminency of *abstinence*,
and the true praise of *vertue*, for a *man* to *fast* at a
delicious *feast*; to be cleere from *bribes* or gentle
rewards, where *oppressions*, *extortions*, *strifes* and
contentions doe continually grow and multiply:
To be *sober* and *thirsty* where *wines* are strong
drinkes are plenty in variety; to be *true* and *trustie*
amongst inestimable *Iewels*, vncountable *Treasure*,
or untold *Gold*. These are superarogating vertues,
which though many boast of, yet few attaine to:
now the *Bawd* lives in the store-house of libidi-
nous confraternity, in the shop of Venery, in the
Garden of lacivious pleasure, in the Ever-growing
and Flourishing field of vanity; amongst those that
practise the excesse of Luxury, none so neere with-
in ken of wantonnesse and dalliance; shee admits
into her house men flourishing in yeeres, hot in
their desires, and willing in performance, yet (for
ought I know) * a *Bawd* was never accused for
cōmitting fornication in her owne person (which
is a rare marke of abstinence) for who can produce
out of any record, that a *Bawd* was ever carted for
playing the *Whore*?

And this is her comfort when she is carted, that

* *The chastity of a Bawd.*

she

A Bawd.

ſhee rides when all her followers goe on foot, that every Dunghill payes her homage, and every Taverne looking-glaſſe powres bountifull reflection vpon her, the ſtreets and windowes are full of ſpectators of her pompe. Shouts, acclamations and ringing on well tuned *Banbury* kettle-drums, and barbarous Baſins, proclaime and ſound forth her triumphant progreſſe, whileſt ſhee rides embrodered all over like a Lady of the ſoyle conducted in ſtate out of the Eaſterne ſuburbs, to ſet vp her trade freſh and new in the Weſt.

As concerning *Religion* or matters of * *Conſcience*, ſhee is a creature that will never runne mad with beating her braines in any point of ſuch high quality. For whereas it is a ſpeech or proverbe, to ſay, that an extortioner, vſurer, or corrupted Magiſtrate hath a *Large Conſcience*, ſo on the other part, it is a ſaying, that ſuch a man or woman hath *no Conſcience*: now betweene theſe *extremes* of *large* and *none*, the *Bawd* doth obſerve the mediocrity or *meane*: for to ſay that ſhee hath a large catholike or univerſall *Conſcience*, to entertaine all comers, or all that would come to her, is falſe, for her *conſcience* is bounded, caged, and imprifoned, & limited in any mans purſe or pocket, of what eſtate, condition or *Religion* ſoever. On the contrary, to ſay that ſhee hath no *Conſcience* at all,

* *The conſcience and religion of a Bawd.*

C 4

it

A Bawd.

it were to doe her an open injury, for she doth extend her entertainment, to as many as please to *please* her, and her charity doth alwayes stretch as farre as any mans money will reach: And to speake the truth, shee hath great reason on her side; for if a man let his *Horse* to hire, or *Ass* to market, hee will looke to be paid for the travell or paines of his Beast; and shall a *Bawd* let her Soule to the *Devill* for nothing? A *Knight* of the Poast will not hazzard damnation (and his eares to the Pillory to boote) but (if hee be wise) hee will be well paid for his labour. Will any great man oppresse and undoe a whole Country, and (with the losse of the Kingdome of *Heaven*) purchase an accursed portion of *Earth*, but that hee will have terrestiall *Angels* minister to him here, making no account of the celestiall hereafter? And shall the *Conscience* of a *Bawd* be *Pinfolded* to straitly, that her Soule shall be of lesse esteeme than a Hackney man makes of his *Horse* or *Ass*? or a swearing and forswearing Rogue doth of his eares? no, no, my Masters, shee is wiser than so, shee thinkes it is a long journey to Hell, and therefore she doth thriftily provide to save charges, that other men shall pay for her passage or Coach-hire: shee will not travell so farre upon her owne cost shee is so well beloved, that every one of her customers (will or must) give her
some-

A Bawd.

something toward the reckoning, she hath more policie in her than to be damn'd for nothing ; and she scornes to usurpe a place in *Hell* without just title or desert.

As for her *Religion*, it is of the same piece as her Conscience is, there went but a paire of sheeres betweene ; with the *Papist* shee will be Ceremonious for the **Crosse*, with the *Puritane*, shee will be precise, casting her eyes up, when her thoughts are downe, and accept the **Pyle* ; shee hath so brought up her schollers, that the name of *God* is too often in their mouthes, for they will sweare either with or without occasion : and as concerning maters of *truth*, shee hath brought them up so, that they will *lye* with any man. Most of them are of the sect of the *Family of Love*, they differ onely in this, the *Familists* doe hold opinion, that onely when the husband sleeps, that the wife may take as much liberty as a Cat, to play, &c. but the *Bawd* doth allow a larger toleration, and admits either man or woman to have acceffe, and use their exercise both sleeping and waking. Shee is indeed addicted to any *Religion*, or all, or none, no further than her ease and profit doth incite her, for she knowes that *charity* is a good hufwife, and will begin her owne work at home first : in which respect a *Bawd* holds

* *Of mens money.*

* *Crosse and pyle.*

high

A Bawd.

a high point of Doctrine, to love her selfe better then she doth all the world besides: and in this she differs much from a *Romane* Catholike, that she builds not vpon her *Workes*, or hath any hope to be saved by her merits. And should persecution come, she will be no *Martyr*, she will neither *hang* for one *religion*, or *burne* for another, shee knowes that she came a raw creature into the world, and her resolution is, that neither religion or conscience shall send her roasted out of it.

And thus I would have the Reader to consider; that the paines that I have taken in this description of a *Bawd*, is more then I would willingly doe for the honestest woman that dwels betweene *Smithfield*-barres and *Clerkenwell*, and I know that there is not any of the trade so ingratefull, but that if my selfe or any friend of mine have occasion to vse them, they will doe their best for me, and goe as neere as they can to take our money. Neither have I discoursed of any vpstart new fangled bable or toy, but of an ancient solid, reall, and lasting *thing*, for when all trades are trade-falne and broken, a *Bawd* may set up with little worth, or a *thing of naught*, and many times her lucke is so fortunate, that she will **extract* out of sinne and wickednesse, good money, good cloathes, good meat, and almost good any thing, but good con-

* *A Bawd is an excellent Chymmist.*

science :

A Bawd.

science: but that is but a poore beggerly vertue, which her contrary nature cannot agree withall, for shee knowes by old experience that it hath vndone many, and that they are accounted none of the wisest, that make any account or reckoning of it.

I am sorry that I have not dedicated this Booke to some great Patron or Patroneffe: but the world is so hard to please, that I thinke it an easier matter to displease all, then every way fully to please one; for I did lately write a small Pamphlet in the *praise* of *cleane Linnen*, which I did dedicate to a neat, spruce, prime, principall and superexcellent Landresse, and shee in stead of protecting my labours, or sheltring my good and painfull study, doth not onely expresse her liberality in giving me nothing, but also shee depraves and deprives me of that small talent and portion of wit and Poetry which nature hath given or lent me; most untruely affirming and reporting, that that Pamphlet was the invention of a grave and learned friend of mine, (whose employments are so urgent and eminent, and whose capacitie is so mature and approved) that not one line, word, syllable, or letter is in that poore toy, but it is so farre unlike a wiseman, that they all, and every one, doe most truely and obediently call, *Iohn Taylor*, Father.

But belike she hath learned some frugall qualities, of some who are more honoured and worshipped

A Bawd.

shipped, then honorable or worshipfull, who take it for a point of thrifty wisdom to discomend wher they doe not meane to reward. It is a kind of policy, under which many better labours then mine have suffred persecution and Martyrdome; and be-like my unkind Patronesse is ambitious to follow the example of her betters But I would have her to know, that if shee had but gratefully accepted my Booke of *Cleane Linnen*, that then I would have cudgeld and canvasde my *Muse*, I would have rowz'd my *spirits*, belabour'd my *Invention*, beaten my *braines*, thump'd, bumbasted, strapadoed, lamb-ski'nd, and clapperclaw'd my *Wits*, to have mounted her praise one and thirtie yards (*London* measure) beyond the *Moone*. But ingratiude is the poyson of industry, & detraction is the destruction of good endeavours, for the which finnes of hers, I will allot her no other punishment but this, that shee shall remaine as shee was and is, the true wife to an honest *Cobler*, A cleanly, trvsty, chaste, loving, and well-beloved *Landresse*; whom (when the fates and destinies shall deprive *Chancery-Lane* of) then many polluted and slovenly Linnen soylers shall lament in foule bands, blacke cuffes, and mourning shirts.

^a As *Sloth* and idlenesse are vices discommended in all Lawes and Common-wealths, being e-

^a *The industry and vigilancy of a Bawd.*

normities

A Bawd.

normities of that high nature and vile condition that they have ruined whole Kingdomes, Cities, families, and many particular persons: so on the contrary, diligence, industry and carefull vigilancy, are qualities that doe not onely erect States and Commonwealths, but they doe also conserve and preserve whomsoever shall put them in use and practice: who then is more vigilant or industrious then a diligent *Bawd*, she is none of the seven *Sleepers*, nay she carefully watcheth whilst others sleepe, shee takes paines for the pleasure of many, shee is the true Embleme or Image of security, her eyes like carefull & trusty scouts or spies doe foresee & prevent the danger of Mr. *Busiman* the Constable with his ragged, rusty, regiment. Moreover, shee is not like a ship bound for *Groneland*, which must saile but in summer, or a pot of ale wth a toast, which is onely in winter: no let the winde blow where it will, her care is such, that it brings her prize & purchase all seasons, ^b*pinkes* are fraughted, her *Pinnaces* are man'd, her friggets are rig'd (from the beakhead to the Poope) and if any of her vessels be boorded by *Pyrats*, and shot betwixt wind & water, they are so furnished with engines, that theyle send them packing with a pox, or else blow them quite up with a Devils name: there is not a poynt in the compasse but the skilfull ^c*Bawd* observes, if the wind be North or North-east,

^b Or *Punckes*. ^c A *Bawds* a skilfull Navigator.

shee

A Bawd.

ſhe expects profits out of the *Low-countries*, from *Germany*, *Denmarke*, *Norway*, and ſometimes a prize from *Scotland*; if at South or S. weſt, then her hopes are from *France*; but *Spaine* & *Italy* doe ſeldome or never faile her; And let it blow high or low, the *Englishman* is neere on all occaſions. Shee hath not bin much accused for receiving uncus- tomed goods, for to ſpeak the truth, ſhe will harbour no ventred commodity in her warehouse; & if the *Informer* or *Conſtable* doe light upon one of her conceal'd dryfats, Punchions, fardils or (naughtie) packs, and having ſeiz'd it by his office, & honeſtly laid it up ſafe in the ſtorehouſe of *Bridewel*, yet the *Bawd* wil ſo cōpound in the buſines, that for a ſmal toy, and a little ſufferance, ſhe'l redeeme the Com- modity & have her ware again in her owne hands.

^d A *Bawd* is no deceiver of her customers, for what ſhe promiſeth ſhee will performe, as for ex- ample, If ſhee take a fee to helpe a man to a *Whore* ſhee will not cheat him and bring him an honeſt woman; a bargaines a bargaine, and ſhee will not faile you in a tittle; ſhee plainly and openly ſhewes her ſelfe what ſhe is, ſhee doth not diſſemble or hide her function from her clyents, under the veile of hypocryſie, and for her creatures that live un- der her, ^e ſhee hath taught them their Art wherby

^d *The plaine dealing of a Bawd.* ^e *A Bawd hath common ſence and reaſon to take her part or ſhare in her profeſſion.*

they

A Bawd.

they may live another day, when shee is dead and rotten, and as they have their maintenance by her instruction, & under her protection, so it is fit that in requitall of her paines, she should pick a revenue out of their commings in; shee hath good presidents out of famous Authors for it: an old brave fellow tooke great paines in teaching of his *Cuthorse*, and the beast was so thankfull for it, that hee got his masters provender, and his owne both, many yeeres after. If a man teach an *Ape* to doe trickes, the honest *Ape* will maintaine him for it; I have seene a *Hare* get her master and dames living, with playing on a *Tabor*. The very *Baboones* are grave examples in this kind, *Tumblers* boyes (and sometimes their wives) doe teach us this duty; and the ignorant *Puppets* doe allow their maker and masters, meat, drinke, and cloath. For mine owne part, If I teach my man to row, I will have for my paines the greatest part of the profit. If I dig or plow and cast my Seed into the ground, I will expect the benefit of the Crop: If I plant or graffe, I should thinke I had but hard measure, if I should not feed vpon the fruit of my labour: By this consequence it is reason that a *Bawd* should reape where she hath sowne, and eate, and live vpon such fruit as shee hath planted.

*To close up all, the Summe of all is this,
I'le end my Booke as Ovid ended his.*

A Bawd.

So long as on the *Poles* the spangled
firmament shall whirle,
So long as Procreation shall
beget a Boy or Girle,
So long as winter shall be cold,
or Summer shall be hot,
So long as poverty and spight
shall be true Vertues lot,
When *Phæbus* in the *West* shall rise,
and in the *East* shall set,
When children on (their mothers)
their owne fathers shall beget ;
Then shall this Booke, or *Bawd* lye dead,
and never till that day,
Shall Booke or *Bawd*, or *Bawd* or Booke,
be scarce, if men will pay.
Till *Sun* and *Moone* shall cease to shine,
and all the World lye waft ;
So long this booke, or else a *Bawd*,
I'me sure, so long shall last.

F J N J S.

1636.

Taylors Travels.

[HAZLITT, No. 55.]

1070

J. Taylor & Sons

[illegible]

TAYLORS
TRAVELS
AND
CIRCULAR
PERAMBULATION,

through, and by more then thirty
times twelve Signes of the Zodiack,
of the Famous Cities of *Lon-*
don and Westminster.

With the Honour and Worthineffe of
the Vine, the Vintage, the Wine, and
the Vintoner; with an Alphabeticall
Description, of all the Taverne Signes
in the Cities, Suburbs, and Liberties
aforesaid, and significant Epigrams
upon the said severall Signes.

Written by IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* 1636.

THE
CLAYTON

CLAYTON
REMARKS

CLAYTON
REMARKS

CLAYTON
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CLAYTON
REMARKS

CLAYTON
REMARKS

CLAYTON
REMARKS



THE PREFACE TO the READER.



Entlemen and others (of what Sex, Estate, Condition, Calling, Degree, Quallitie, Art, Mistry, Craft, Trade, Science, Function, or Occupation soever) Greeting and friendly Salutations. First, I most humbly and thankfully remember my thanks to all such as have formerly taken my Labours in such good part, as I haue felt their liking in their loving Bounty. Secondly, I doe expresse my Gratitude to as many as have accepted my Bookes at my hands, although some of them have not, and many of them could not Requite mee. And thirdly, I doe request as many as doe receive this small Pamphlet to take into their Consideration, that I doe expect they shall pay mee for it. I am sure there hath beene within these 30. yeares more then 200. Impressi-

A 2

ons

To the Reader.

ons of Bookes in my Name; For though I have not written above 80. yet some of them hath been printed 10. or 12. times over, 1500. or 2000. every time. Amongst which number of Pamphlets, I am sure, that (first and last) I have given freely for nothing (neuer expecting any thing but thanks) above 30000. Bookes, (besides those that I have beene Rewarded for :) But so it is now (my good Friends) that Age, and some Charge vrging me to make triall of your Loues, onely for this one small Toy or Trifle; And though it may seeme a Trifle to you, it was a Travell to me in the Collecting and Writing: all which, with my selfe, I leave to be considered upon your receiving of the Second Part, which I am at as busie as a Bee; always remaining yours

Here and There

Or

Any Where

JOHN TAYLOR.



TAYLORS TRAVELS,
through more then thirtie
times twelve *Signes*.

 **S** the Sunne, in his Celestiall Progreffe, doth with perpetuall motion passe through the twelve Signes of the Zodiack, and every yeare doth beguirt the large Circumference of his Heavenly Spheare; yet it is to be noted, that twelve Signes only, and no more but twelve, are each one in his monethly course, the places of his Perambulation, and circular Travell.

And as a Zany or Counterfeit, will (for sports sake) in a pleasant way, imitate an Active Nimble Tumbler in his feates of Activity. So I, in Imitation of the Sunne, have in one

A 3

Moneth

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Moneth progreff'd through *London, Westminster*, with the Suburbs, and the Burrough of *Southwarke*; not as the Sunne doth through twelve, but neere thirtie times twelve Signes.

I have found *Aries* and *Taurus* in Rams and Rams-head, Buls, and Bul-heads; for *Gemini* I have made shift with the Signe of *Adam* and *Eve* in Tothill-street at Westminster, with all other double Signes, as Rose and Crowne, Castle and Miter, the Man in the Moone, the Crosse-Keyes, or any such signes wherein two severall things are depicted, they serve me in my Course for *Gemini*.

Cancer (or the Crab) was hardest for me to find out; nor did I much search for it; for in my Horizon it appeared not, except in the crabbed frowne of a womans face, or in the Rump or later end of a deare Reckoning.

For *Leo*, I have found more then a Den of *Lyons, Or, Argent*, and *Gules*, alias, Golden White and Red.

Virgo, or the Maiden-head Signe, was hard or scarce to bee found neer a Taverne-Bush; but at last, Bush-lane afforded me one, which is as the Phænix of *Arabia*, alone, there being
no

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

no more of that signe within the Hemispheare of the Citie.

Libra was generally metamorphosed in every Taverne, from weights to measures, except at the Bar, where Gold was weighed to a graine; it is said that *Astrea*, or Iustice, fled from the Earth, and was turned into the equall, or *Septembers* Equinoctiall Signe of *Libra*.

The Signe *Scorpio* (or the Serpent) I conjecture to be transformed into greene *Dragons*; which Signe I have often past through in my peregrination.

For *Sagittarius*, I was forced to make use of the Signe of the *Archer*, neer Finsbury-fields, or Grub-street end.

Capricornus, is said to be a Signe in the Heavely Firmament, containing twenty stars; but if the Goat in *West-smithfield* had not furnished me, I had beene quite destitute of entertainment at *Capricorne*.

The Signe of the *Fountaine* was my flowing (and sometimes overflowing) *Aquarius*.

Instead of *Pisces*, I was glad to make my Iourney to the *Dolphin* and *Mermaids*.

Thus having declared my painefull passage
A 4 through

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

through twelve forts of Signes, I proceed further to speake of some other Signes.

*A Catalogue of such Signes, as the Author
hath past by and through.*

I have past by and through *Vrsa Major*, at the Bridge-foot in *Southwarke*, and I have visited *Vrsa Minor*, in more places then one; I have found the Dog-dayes in the depth of Winter, both at *Westminster*, and elsewhere. I have beene in conjunction neer the Dragons tayle. I have plaid the Man in the Moone; I have passed through a Bakers dozen of Suns, besides the seven Stars, for my further perambulation, through and by Angels, Kings and Queenes Heads, Crownes, Ankers, Antelops, Cities, Bels, Castles, Bores, Crosses, Crossekeyes, Cats and Cardinals, Hats, Eagles, Fleeces, Faulcons, Chequers, Hoops, Cranes, Christopher and Dunston, Globes, Griphons, Saint Iohn, George and Gartar, Field-gate, Turnstile, and Flowerdelice, Harts, Hornes, Harrowes, and Horshooes, Katherine Wheele, Grashopper, Lambe, Kings, Queenes, and
Princes

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

Princes Armes, Saint Martin, Mouth and Miter, Pauls-head, Bishops-head, Nags-heads, Pye, Pelican, Plow and Peacock, A Navie of Ships, A Brood of Swans, sweet Roses, kind Salutations, Tractable Tuns, An honest Shepherd, A Windmill, good Wraftlers, a faire Vineyard, A plentifull Vintage, and three Tavernes onely with Bushes without a Thiefe. All which, you that have leifure may find, and when you have found, you may read at your pleasure.

Furthermore, it is to be noted, that as in the Firmament there are not so many fixed, as wandring stars: And oftentimes the most part (or all of them) are darkned and involved round with Clouds, Vapours, Mists, and Fogs; so that they are obscured from our sight. So in this lower Circle of my passage, I have found Suns, Moones and Stars, in their bright and shining lustre (as it were to day) but upon the sudden some of my Suns have been eclipsed, with a Cloud of Debts; bad Customers (or small Custome) hath brought some of my Moones from the full, to an unrecoverable Wane; too much beliefe in bad Paymasters
hath

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

hath obscured, now and then a star; and many other of my lesser stars have beene too often shipwrack'd, with running on a Rocke of Chaulk, or too much scoring.

Amongst all these Changes and Mutabilities, I would have the Reader to note, that all those Signes which are in this following Book nominated, were at the writing hereof in Preterpluperfect being, shining and adorning our Terrestriall Hemisphære with most hopefull, resplendent, refulgent, and translucent Luster. But if any planetary Influence hath with malevolent aspect, cast a fog of Obscurity, or perpetuall Extinction upon any of my Signes, let no man blame mee (the Author) for I plead not guilty, either to the Retrogradation, or Declination of any of them; for I have, and do love all the worthy Company of Vintoners; that I desire they may ever be like the latter end of a Scriveners Bond (*In full Force and Vertue.*)

The antiquity of Wine is recorded memorably by sacred & prophane Historians, and vines have been planted, and vineyards allowed here in *England* by the Permission of the Emperour
Præbus,

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Probus, at such time as the Romanes had the Government here. And there was a Record (and I thinke is yet) in *Windsor Castle*, of an Yearly account of the Charges for the planting Vines in the little Parke there; and of the making of Wines in many places of this Land; and that Grapes grew so plenteously, that some of the Wines served for the Kings household, the rest were sold for the King's profit: And that the Tythe of those Vines and Wines were paid to the Abbot of *Walthamstow*, who was then Parson of Old and New *Windsor*: and in the raigne of King *John*, Wine was so plenty, that it was sold for twenty shillings the Tun, which is but one penny the Gallon: and it was so cheape in the fifteenth yeare of King *Henry* the Seventh, that (much of it being brought out of *France*) it was given to the Mariners (for their freight) that brought it.

Wee are commonly entertain'd with Wine at Christenings, Weddings, and Burials, so that Wine ushers us into the world, and kindly accompanies us all our life, & after death brings us to our graves. Thousands of people do live by it, as the Planters of Vines, the Keepers of
Vine-

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Vineyards, Wine-Merchants, Vintoners, Mariners, Coopers, Lighter-men, Wharfengers, Shipwrights, Carpenters, Goldsmiths, Pewterers, & Carmen: Besides, the great charge of Cranedge and Selleridge; And which is not to be forgotten, Customs and Imposts.

Thus much shall suffice to speake of Wines. Now for the Honor of Vintoners, I find there have been many worthy and Honorable men of them; for in *Anno*, 1271, the fifty six yeare of the Raigne of King *Henry* the third, one *Iohn Adrian*, Vintoner, was Lord Maior of *London*. In the eighth yeare of King *Edward* the third's Raigne, 1334, one *Reignold* at the Conduit was Lord Maior: In the fifteenth yeare of the same King, one *Iohn of Oxford* was Lord Maior. In the one and thirty yeare of *Edward* the third, 1356, *Sir Henry Picard*, Vintoner, was Lord Maior; who for a perpetuall Honorable Memory of this Cities worthinesse; and for a Brooch, Jewell, or famous Ornament to the Right Worshipfull Company of Vintoners, the said *Sir Henry Picard* did feast foure Kings in one day with most sumptuous Magnificence, namely, *Edward* the third
King

than thirty times twelve Signes.

King of *England*, *Iohn*, King of *France*, *David*, King of *Scotland*, and *Willam*, King of *Cyprefs*, with *Edward* the *Black Prince* of *Wales*, the *Daulphin* of *France*, with many other Princes, Dukes and Peeres, as may be read in *Stowes* and *Howes* Chronicle, and in the *Survay of London*. In the year 1558, *Sir Iohn Stody*, Vintoner, was Lord Maior of *London*. In the yeare 1395, the nineteenth yeare of King *Richard* the second, *Sir William Moore*, Vintoner, was likewise in that Honorable Office. In the nineteenth yeare of the Raigne of King *Henry* the eight, 1527, *Sir Iames Spencer*, Vintoner, was Lord Maior of *London*. And in the yeare 1594, in the five and thirty yeare of the Raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*, *Sir Cuthbert Buckle*, Vintoner, did Nobly ferve in that Honorable Office of *London's* Maioralty. Besides, I find that in the seventeenth yeare of Queene *Elizabeth*, Master *Henry Prannell*, Vintoner, was one of the Sheriffes of *London*.

As concerning Pious and Charitable works done by this famous Company, and by their Wives, or Widdowes, he that list's to read the *Survay of London*, shall find the memorable
Records,

TAYLORS *Travels, &c.*

Records of (not onely those before named) but of Master *Stephen Skidmore*, Master *Richard Iacob*, Mistris *Sibbella Iacob*, with many other, which for brevities sake, I omit.

And thus I dedicate my felfe and this my Labour to that Right Worthy, and Ample Company, requesting them, and as many as loves them, to take nothing in ill part, because I know there was not any thing ill meant. And now I proceed to my Alphabeticall and Epigrammaticall Peregrination.

A



A



Ngell in Long Aker.

Angell in Shoreditch.

Angell at the Tower Gate.

Angell neere the Gatehouse at
Westminster.

Epigram.

Cœlestiall sure these Angels are not yet,
Nor fiends infernall from the hellish Pit :
Though Sinners made them, they are clean from Sin;
Yet are they hang'd, to shew good Wine's within.

Anker in West Smithfield.

Anker in East Smithfield.

Anker and Ship in the Minories.

Anker in S^t Olaves, at Bermondsey street end.

Epigram.

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

Some men have found these Ankers very able,
To More them safe and fast without a Cable :
A man may Load himselfe, and Sleepe, and Ride,
Free from Storms, Tempests, Pirates, Wind and Tide.

Adam and Eve at Westminster in Tuthill
street.

Epigram.

Our Parents first (as I thinke) ne're dranke Wine,
And yet for Wine their Figures are a Signe :
As they forbidden were the Fruit to taste,
So wee forbidden are, good Wine to waste.

Antelop in West Smithfield.

Epigram.

The Antelop's a rare Beast, seldom seene,
Nor hath it often in our Kingdome beene :
A forraine Beast, a Signe, shewes forraine Wine,
For you, or mee, or any Friends of mine.

Andrewes Croffe in Fetter lane neer Holborn.

Epigram.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Epigram.

Saint *Andrewes* Argent Crosse in th' Azure field
Is ancient, and a noble Christian shield :
Ther's French and Spanish, to cheere heart and brain,
From the most Christian Cath'like, France and Spain.

Antwerp behind the Royall Exchange

Epigram.

Antwerp, is English'd, *Throw thy hand Away,*
Rather then God, or King, to disobey :
At Antwerp Taverne meet shake hands, be merry,
Ther's Clarret, White, Canary, and good Sherry.

Archer neere Finsbery Fields, or Grub-
street end.

Epigram.

This Signe doth shew the worthiest exercise
Is Shooting, and it shewes unto our eyes,
When Archers in the field have woon the Vpshot,
They may come to this Archer and be Cupshot.

B

Bishops-

B.

Bishops-head in Chancery Lane.

Bell within Temple Barr.

Bell without Bishopsgate

Bell in Saint Nicholas Lane, through into
Canning street.

Bell at Saint Thomas in Southwarke

Bell at Westminster in Kings street.

Bell in Distar Lane

Bell in Newgate Market

Bell Savadge

Bell in the Strand.

Epigram.

These Bels are never told, with Rope in Steeple,
Yet there's od Iangling, 'mongst od kind of people,
And these 9. Bels at once are dayly Rung
With 2. strange Clappers, Pewter and the Tongue.

Bull head in Towerstreet

Bull head in East-smithfield

Bull head in Cheapside

Bull

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Bull head in the Borough of Southwarke
Bull head without Bishopsgate.

Epigram.

These Bull Heads nere had Bodyes I am sure,
'Tis strange Heads without Bodies should endure:
Yet tis not strange; for though the Signe be dead,
The Cellers foot below, holds up the Head.

Bull-blacke in the Pallace at Westminster
Bull-blacke in the Burrough of Southwarke
Bull-red in Thames street neere Coleharbour
Bull-red in Saint Iohns street.

Epigram.

These Bulls were never Calues, nor came of Kine,
Yet at all seasons they doe yeeld good Wine,
But those that suck these Bulls more then they ought,
Are Walthams Calues, much better fed than taught.

Beare in the Pallace at Westminster
Beare and Dolphin in Tower street
Beare neere Fleetbridge
Beare at the Bridgefoote in the Borough of
Southwarke.

B 2

Epigram

TVYLORS *Travels through more*

Epigram.

No Ravenous, Savadge, Cruell Beares are these,
But Gentle, Milde, Delighting still to please :
And yet they have a Tricke to Bite all such
As Madly use their Company too much.

Bores head in West-Smithfield
Bores head behind the Exchange
Bores head in East-Cheape
Bores head at Criplegate
Bores head in Old Fishstreet.

Epigram.

He that will lay a wager sure shall win,
These *Bores* Heads shewes that *Hogheads* are within
He that doth doubt let him the Celler try,
And tis much marvell if he come up dry,

C

than thirty times twelve Signes.

C.

Crowne in West-Smithfield.

Epigram.

Within this Crowne hath many Crwnes been spent,
Good Wine, Attendance good, and good Content :
Theres Liquor of the best, from *France* and *Spaine*,
Which makes this Crowne full weight above a
(Graine.

Castle without Newgate
Castle in Paternoster Row
Castle in Cornehill
Castle neere Pauls Chaine
Castle behind Saint *Clements* neere the
Strand
Castle in Fleetstreet
Castle in Bredstreet
Castle in Woodstreet
Castle in White Chapple.

Epigram.

Tis oftentimes no Hazzard or Adventure,
These Peacefull Castles quietly to Enter :
They are not built for Defence, or Offence,
Yet all the Manhood is, in Going thence.

B 3

Crosse

TAYLORS *Travels through more*

Crosse White in Whitecrosse street
Crosse Red in Redcrosse street
Crosse Taverne neere Charing Crosse.

Epigram.

When men are overprest with Cares and Loffes,
They may find speedy Comfort in these Crosses :
But such as beare no Crosses thither, then
Small Reason, tis, they should be welcome men.

Crosse Keyes in Bedford Berry, *alias*, Covent
Garden
Crosse Keyes in the Strand, neere Yorke, or
Buckingham house
Crosse Keyes in Holbourne.

Epigram.

These Keyes were never made to open Locks,
Yet they may be the meanes to ope the Stocks :
For he that drinkes, sweares, rores, fights, spewes and
Hang such a Rascall, lay him by the heeles. (reeles
Cat in Long Lane.

Epigram.

Who scratcheth worst the Broker, or the Cat,
Good honest Reader, prethee tell me that :

The

than thirty times twelve Signes.

The Broker scratches till a man be strip'd,
For nothing every day the Catt is whip'd.

Cardinals Hatt without Newgate
Cardinalls Hatt in Cornehill.

Epigram.

The Cardinals hurt least, being farre away,
And sure their Hatts will doe lesse hurt then they :
We are much better pleas'd, with the bare Signe,
Then with the Hat, or Card'nall ; There's good Wine.

Chequer in White Chappell
Chequer in the Strand.

Epigram.

The Chequer squars, doth many squares containe,
And good square dealing there doth still remaine ;
Provided that you to the Chequer bring
Th' Exchequer Coine, the stamp of Queene or King.

The Christopher at Clerkenwell, at Turne-
bull street end.

Epigram.

I Read that Christopher once usde the Trade,
A mighty dangerous River o're to wade :

B 4

And

TAYLORS *Travels through more*

And having left the *Water*, tis thought meet
To set him up for *Wine* in Turnebull street.

The Coopers hoope in Leadenhal street neere
Limestreet.

Epigram.

Good Wine doth need no Bush, the Proverb sayes,
And I have knowne that house three thousand dayes
Without a Signe or Bush; onely a Hoope (stoope.
Shewes theres good Wine will make a strong man

The Crane at Hoxton in the Parish of S^t *Leo-*
nards Shoreditch.

3 Cranes in the Vintage
3 Cranes in the Powltry
3 Cranes in the Strand neere the Savoy Gate
3 Cranes in the Old Bayly
3 Cranes in Chancery Lane
3 Cranes in Saint Olaves street
3 Cranes in the Borough of Southwarke.

Epigram.

The Cranes heau'd Wine (from Water) to the Cart,
The Cart to these *Cranes*, these *Cranes* to the Quart,
And other Measures, Thus is Wine divided,
And the divisions good, if not Misguided.

3 Cups

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

3 Cups in Holbourne.

D.

The Greene Dragon in Chepefide
Dragon in *Pauls* Churchyard.
Dragon in White Chappell
Dragon on S^t Lamberts hill, and in Thames
street,
Dragon and Mermayde in Thames street, at
the foot of *Pauls* hill
Dragon in Southwarke, neere Saint *George's*
Dragon in Drury Lane (Church
Dragon in White Friars.

Epigram.

These Dragons onely bite and sting all such
As doe immod'ratly haunt them too much :
But those that use them well, from them shall finde
Ioy to the Heart, and comfort to the Minde.

Dog at Westminster
Dog in Drury Lane
Dog at Creede Lane end, neere Ludgate
Dog within Newgate
Dog in Chancery Lane.

Epi-

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

These Dogs are very Tame, and free from Spight,
And yet sometimes they dare their Masters bite :
Exceeding Gentle, being not abusde,
They bite when they are over-roughly vsde.

Dolphin in Thames street neere Dowgate
Dolphin in Old-Fish street.

Epigram.

By Nature (as some famous Writers tell)
The Dolphin doth love Man and Musicke well :
And at these Dolphins men may at their pleasure,
Have Wine and Musicke, both in Time and Measure.

St. Dunstane.

Epigram.

The Divell with Rorers in the house may Rore,
The whilst good Dunston guards & keeps the doore ;
But sure Apollo did with Bacchus Ioyne,
That there's kind Entertainment and good Wine.

Spred

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

E.

Spred Eagle in Grayes Inne Lane
Eagle in Cow Lane.

Epigram.

The Eagles eye upon the Sunne dares stare,
If other Birdes doe so, they blinded are :
And men unto those Eagles Nests may come
Cleare fighted, yet want fight ere they get home.

F.

Fountaine in Fleetstreet
Fountaine in East-Smithfield
Fountaine in Fanchurch street
Fountaine in the Old Bayly
Fountaine in the Strand neere the *Savoy*
Fountaine in Saint *Annes* Lane neere Alderf-
gate.

Epi-

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

These Fountaines are not Proud, like many a knave,
That brags of goodnesse, yet no Goodnes have :
The Fountaines promise *Water*, yet afford
Good Wine, and so are better then their Word.

Fleece in Bedford-Berry, *Alias*, the Covent
Garden
Fleece in Little Brittain
Fleece in Cornhill, neere Birchin Lane end.

Epigram.

In peace a Man may peecemeale venture Pieces,
Spend Time and Coine, yet neuer win those Fleeces :
But those that doe attempt with Moderation,
Shall find the Hazzard but a Recreation.

Faulcon on the Banke side.
Fanlcon in Rosemary Lane.

Epigram.

These Faulcons to the Lure did never stoope,
Nor do they Mue, Mute, cast their Gorge, or Droope :
Nor ever Mounted to the Sky (past Ken)
Yet all their Game is still to pleasure Men.

Fortune

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Fortune in Drury Lane

Fortune in Golding Lane.

Epigram.

These Fortunes, are themselves nor good, or Ill,
Nor (like Dame *Fortune*) are they Changing still :
Yet do they make some Glad, some Sad, some Mad,
And are as they are used, Good or Bad.

The Flower De Lices in Finch Lane neere
Cornehill.

Epigram.

French Flowers doth shew theirs good French Wine
Which he that tries will find, and like it well: (to sell
But if perchance your Pallat doe disgust it,
Thers high and mighty Sacke, if you dare trust it.

The Golden Field-Gate, at the upper end of
Holborne.

Epigram.

All is not Gold that glisters here I say :
This Gold Gate hath no Latch, Bolt, Locke or Kay:
Yet

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Yet at all lawfull houres (for lawfull Gaine)
Tis open, honest Guefts to entertaine.

G.

Globe in Fleetstreet
Globe in Shorditch
Globe in King street
Globe in the Woolstaple } at Westminster.
The Globe in Thridneedle street
Globe in little Eastcheape
Globe neere Holbourne Barres.

Criphon in White Chappell.

Epigram.

As the Celestiall Globe is various Mix'd
With Starrs, some more, some Retrograde, some fix'd
So in these leffer Globes, men are still Changing,
Drunke, Sober, Mad, Sad, Merry, Reeling, Ranging.

George in Turnbull street.
George in St Iohns streete.

George

than thirty times twelve Signes.

George in Fleet Lane
George within Aldgate
George in White Friars

Epigram.

George is on Horsebacke Riding Day and Night,
And with the Dragon in perpetuall fight, (evill,
Which shewes that we should watch 'gainst fleshly
To ride the World, and Combate with the Devill.

Greyhound without Creeplegate
Greyhound in Bowlane
Greyhound in the Blacke Fryers
Greyhound in Fleetstreet
Greyhound in Knightrider street
Greyhound in Southwarke, or the upper
Ground.

Epigram.

These Greyhounds nere hunt Buck, nor course a Hare
Instead of hunting, they still hunted are :
And those that hunt them many times are bit,
Lam'd in the Leggs, and Creepl'd in their Wit.

Goate in Smithfield.

Epi-

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

When sicknesse doth man of his health deprive,
Goates Milke is wholesome and preservative :
And fure this Goate such Liquor doth containe,
As can both Glad and Mad, Mans heart and braine.

The *Garter* in Long Aker.

Epigram.

The Honorable Garter first did Spring
From Famous *Edward*, Englands Warlike King :
He beat the *French*, and to requite his paine,
French Wine hath ever since beat vs againe.

The Grashopper in Threedneedle street, neere
Finch Lane end.

Epigram.

This Grashopper is not a skipping Vermin,
Whose Glory with the Summer doth exterminate :
Nor Heate or Cold can change his hue or shape,
Twill live upon the Liquor of the Grape.

H.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

H.

The White Hart neere Charing Croffe.

Hart in Shoreditch

Hart in White Chappell

Hart in Smithfield

Hart in the Strand

Hart in Tothill street at Westminster

Hart at Hoxton in S^t *Leonard* Shoreditch Pa-
rish

Hart at Drury Lane End neere Holbourne

Hart without Bishopsgate.

Epigram.

Although these Harts doe never runne away,
They'le tire a Man to hunt them every day :
The Game and Chase is good for Recreation,
But dangerous to make't an occupation

The White Horfe in Lumbard street

Horfe in Old Fish street

Horfe Flying in Woodstreet

C

Epigram.

TVYLORS *Travels through more*

Epigram.

Quite contrary to other Horfes, these
Feed not on Grafs, Hay, Oates, Bread, Beanes, or Pease:
The cost is small, their Provender to buy,
For all the Charges in the Drinke doth lye.

The Harrow in Charterhouse Lane
Harrow in Gracious street
Harrow in Little Woodstreet

Epigram.

'Tis not a common use (as most men know)
That men should goe to Harrow e're they fow :
Yet here it is in fashion every day
To Harrow first, and Sow when they doe pay.

The Horshoe in Drury Lane

Epigram.

Hee were a cunning man that could declare,
Whether this Shoe would best fit Horfe or Mare :
Those that will know, they may goe study there,
And catch a Fox, and so be ne're the neere.

*The Hoope in Thame street, neere Saint Mag-
nus Church*

Epigram.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Epigram.

Here are not taught, Tricks, Sleights, or active Feats,
No Legerd'maine, or Iuggling fharking Cheats :
Drink moderate when thy Pensive mind doth droop,
Or quickly learne to Tumble in the Hoope.

The Harts Hornes and Miter at the end of Car-
terlane, neere Black-friers
The Horne in Fleetstreet

Epigram.

Hee that will whet his wit when it is dull,
Drinke, for these *Cornucopia's* still are full :
But if you whet away the Steele, take heed,
It will the Megrin and the Staggers breed.

I.

Saint Iohns of Ierusalem at Clerkenwell

Epigram.

(Rhodes,
Knights of Saint *Iohn*, Knights, Templers, Knights of
And *Malta's* Knights (there now is their Abodes)

C 2

And

TVYLORS *Travels through more*

And at this Place a House was built for them,
Then call'd Saint *Iohns* House of Ierufalem.

The Saint Iohns Head in Chauncery lane
Iohns Head at Milkstreet end
Iohns Head neere Ludgate.

Epigram.

Hee that in all his life ne're car'd for Wine
For Wine his memory is made a Signe :
Where such as to the Wine their lives doe wed,
May lose their wit, although they keepe their head.

K.

The Kings head in Shoreditch
Kings head in Saint Iohn street
Kings head in Rose-mary lane, or King of
Sweden
Kings head in King street, at Westminster
Kings head neere Leaden hall
Kings head within Bishopsgate

Kings

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Kings head without Bishopsgate, neere the
Spittle

Kings head at the end of Canning street, or
Walbrooke

Kings head in Saint Clements lane neere
Lumbardstreet

Kings head in Pudding lane

Kings head in new Fishstreet

Kings head in old Fishstreet

Kings head on Tower hill, or neere East-
Smithfield.

Kings head in Drury Lane.

King of Swedens head without Bishopsgate

Kings head in the Strand

Kings head in the Blacke Friers

Kings head in Fleet street, at Chancery Lane
ende.

Kings head in Horsey Downe

Kings head in Holbourne

Kings head neere Alhallowes in Thamestreet

Kings head at the West end of the Covent
Garden, or Bedford berry.

Epigram.

These Painted Signes unto my view doth bring

The Royall figure of a Mighty King :

C 3

The

TAYLORS *Travels through more*

The fight whereof, should men to Temp'rance win,
To come as sober out as they went in.

The Katherin Wheele at Saint Katherins
Katherin Wheele in Tothill street, at Westminster

Epigram.

It is a Custome (e're since the beginning)
Women (not Men) should use the art of Spinning:
But Spinning is not practis'd with this Wheele,
Yet (in short space) 'twill teach a man to Reelee:

The Kings Armes in Saint Martins lane, or
Martins in the Fields
Kings Armes in Cateaten street at Ironmonger lane end
Kings Armes at Milford lane end, neere Saint Clements, Strand
Kings Armes in the Burrough of Southwarke
Kings Armes in Holbourne
Kings Armes in Thridneedle street, neere Broadstreet
Kings Armes in Saint Martins

Epigram.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Epigram.

To the Kings Armes, bring the Kings Armes I pray,
For the Kings Armes must all the Reckoning pay:
Without the Kings Armes, not the Kings Arms hant,
Hee's quite difarm'd that doth the Kings Arms want.

L.

The Golden Lyon neere York-house or Buckingham-house

Lyon in Lincolnes Fields neere the Cockpit

Lyon at Westminster in King street

Lyon in Fetter Lane

Lyon in the Strand

Lyon in Silver street, neere Woodstreet

The White Lyon at the end of Tower street,
neere to the Hill

Lyon in the Crottchet Friers

Lyon in Canning street

Lyon in Chancery Lane

Lyon at the Mill-bank at Westminster

C 4

The

TAYLORS *Travels through more*

The Red Lyon in Shoreditch

Lyon in Billingsgate

Lyon in Graffe street, or Gracious street

Lyon neere Saint *Georges* Church in South-
warke

Lyon at Saint Olaves Watergate in South-
warke.

Epigram.

These Lyons are exceeding milde and tame,
Yet oft (in Ieast) they'l claw a man starke lame :
Play with them temperately, or looke to find,
A Lyon in the end will shew his kind.

The Lamb in Drury Lane

Epigram.

A harmlesse Signe of a most fruitfull Creature,
Yet contrary to Sheep and Lambs by nature :
They yield us cloathes to weare, and meat to live,
And nothing else but drinke, this Lamb doth give.

M.

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

M.

The halfe Moone in White Chappell

Moone in the Minories

Moone in Saint Katherins

Moone in Aldersgate street

Moone in the Strand

The man in the Moone in King street, at Westminster

Man in the Moone in Cheape-side

Epigram.

Though these are but halfe Moones, yet to all such
They are full Moones, that dare to drinke too much:
The Moone is ever changing day and night,
And hee's a Man that stands i'th Moone upright.

The Mouth at Bishopsgate

Mouth within Aldersgate.

Epigram.

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

These Mouthes do (like two Monsters) live on Men,
They swallow them, and put them out agen :
They gape, yet bite not ; if they bite, I'm sure
They rankle not, my selfe have try'd the cure.

The Saint Martin neere Charing-Crosse.

Epigram.

If it be true, some ancient Writers spoke,
That *Martin* to a Begger gave his Cloake ;
Those that have Cloakes, let them this Tavern find,
And there they and their Cloakes may well be lin'd.

Mermaid in Shoe-lane
Mermaid at Billingsgate
Mermaid in Cornhill
Mermaid in Cheapside
Mermaid in Breadstreet
Mermaid neere Charing-Crosse
Mermaid in the Burrough of Southwarke

Mermaid

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

Mermaid in Watling street neere Bow-
lane.

Mermaid in Pater-noster-Row

Mermaid at Aldersgate

Epigram.

This Mayd is strange (in shape) to Man's appearing,
Shee's neither Fish, or Flesh, nor good Red-hearing:
What is shee then? a Signe to represent
Fish, Flesh, good Wine, with welcome and content.

The Miter in Saint Stephens Alley at West-
minster

Miter neere Aldgate

Miter in Loathbury at the end of Barthol-
mew-lane

Miter in Fenchurch street

Miter at the lower end of Cheapside

Miter in Breadstreet

Miter in Woodstreet

Miter in the Strand, neere to Denmarke
house

Miter and Castle in Fleetstreet

Miter in Saint Iohn street

Epigram

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

These Miters have no Privilege from Rome,
Nor are all Catholikes that to them come :
No man's Religion here is call'd in question,
Here's Wine to glad the mind, and breed digestion.

The Maydenhead in Thames street, or Bush-
lane
Maydenhead and George in the upper ground
in Surrey
Maydenhead at Saint Giles in the fields

Epigram.

Virginitie's a Vertue, much renown'd,
A Maydenhead once lost, can nere be found :
But yet these Maydenheads (with little cost)
May be both lost and found, and found and lost.

N.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

N.

Nags head at Clerkenwell
Nags head in Saint Iohns street
Nags head at Westminster
Nags head at the corner, against Leaden-
hall
Nags head in Thames street neere the
Customhouse
Nags head in Cheape side
Nags head neere Bassings hall
Nags head without Temple Bar.

Epigram.

These head-strong heads all weathers will endure,
And where you leave them, you may find them sure:
They never kick or fling, yet with a trick
They oft make sick men well, and found men sick.

P.

P.

The Princes Armes at Hoxton
Princes Armes at Pauls Chaine
Princes Armes at Saint Martins lane
Princes Armes neere the Church at West-
minster
Princes Armes neere the Bouling Alley at
Westminster
Princes Armes over against Denmarke-
house
Princes Armes in Holborne
Princes Armes in West-Smithfield

Epigram.

Oft in the Field these Royall Plumes have wav'd
When Englands Foes have bin both bang'd & brav'd:
In memory whereof, wee ever since (Prince.
Drinke Healthes to'th Cambrian, or Great Britaines

The

than thirty times twelve Signes.

The Popes head neere Smithfield Pens
Popes head in Moorefields
Popes head in Cornhill
Popes head in Chancery lane

Epigram.

These Popes heads are no Authors of Debate,
Nor Schismatics, or Troublers of the State:
Yet theres good Clarret, and Sack Catholike
Will make a Mad man Tame, a Tame man strike.

The Pye at Aldgate

Epigram.

This Pye is dumb, yet oft shee makes folks chatter
Much, to small purpose, quite besides the matter:
But temperate men excuse the harmlesse Pye,
The fault is their's that drinke intemperately.

The Peacocke in Thames street neere the old
Swan
Peacocke without Temple Bar

Epigram.

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

Though *Argus* eyes be in the Peacocks taile,
A man may drinke there till his eye-sight faile :
But if a man a good Decorum keepe,
Hee'l see the clearer, and more soundly sleepe.

The Plough without Aldersgate

Epigram.

There's many goes to Plough, and doe not know,
Where Corne (upon the ground, or trees) do grow :
Beware therefore, and looke before thou leape,
And Plough and sow no faster than thou Reape.

Pauls head at Pauls Chaine

Epigram.

Paul's head an ancient Taverne, in request,
Well Custom'd, loving to each honest guest :
But yet they care not for such Guests at all,
As rob and rifle *Peter* to pay *Paul*.

The Phenix in Long Aker

Epigram.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Epigram.

The rare Arabian Bird, expires in fire :
Reviving, shee's both Young, and Dam, and Sire :
Then as the Phenix is by fire refin'd,
So let the Phenix liquor cleare thy mind.

The Pellican in Drury Lane

Q.

The Queenes head in West-smithfield
Queenes head in East-smithfield
Queenes head againe in East-smithfield
Queenes head in Queene street
Queenes head in the Strand

D

Queenes

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Queenes head in Bishopsgate street
Queenes head in Thames street neere the
Customhouse
Queene Elinor's head at Queene hithe
Queenes head in Pater-noster-row
Queenes head neere Holborne Conduit
Queenes head in Red-crofs street

Epigram.

These Queenes heads like the Kings heads are, I see
Both are one Sex, both Wood, both Painting be :
There is but little difference in the Signes,
And sure there is small odds amongst their Wines.

The Queenes Armes in the Burrough of South-
warke

Queenes Armes at the end of Saint Nicholas
Shambles

Epigram.

The Queenes Armes and her Armies were renown'd,
Eliza's Fame did fill the worlds wide Round :
Through al her raign, France lov'd us, Spain did fear us
And at her Armes are both their Wines to cheer us.

Rofe

than thirty times twelve Signes.

R.

The Rose at Fleet-bridge

Rose in the Covent Garden, or Bedford-
berry

Rose in Saint Peters street at Westminster

Rose against Barking Church, at the end of
Tower street

Rose at the Counter gate in the Poultry

Rose in Newgate Market

Rose in Shoreditch

Rose at Temple Bar

Rose in Thames street, neere the Tower dock

Rose at the upper end of Holborne

Epigram.

Hee were a man of Art that had the skill

Rose water from these Roses to distill :

I know theres good Rose Wine, but for Rose Water

I oft have still'd, and still find no such matter.

The Ram in Fleetstreet, at Ram Alley end

Rams head in Saint Olaves in Southwark

D 2

Epigram.

TAYLORS *Travels through more*

Epigram.

At Ram or Rams head (be it knowne to all)
Are Wines Predominant and Capitall,
To fet a Horseman quite beside the Saddle,
And make a Footman's Pericranion Addle.

The Sun in Shoreditch
Sun in White-chappell
Sun in the Minories
Sun in Old Fishstreet
Sun in Sheere lane
Sun at Westminster
Sun neere Moore gate
Sun neere Cripplegate
Sun in Aldersgate street
Sun in New Fishstreet
Sun in Old street
Sun in the Strand
Sun in Holborne

Epigram.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Epigram.

The Grape is ripened with bright *Phæbus* shine,
Which shewes that at the Sun there is good wine :
Beware of being Sun-burn't e're thou goe,
Drink civilly, make not thy friend thy Foe.

Star in the Minories
Star at Chick lane end
Star at Saint Katherins
Star in Fenchurch street
Star in Little Eastcheap
Star in Cheap-side
Star in Coleman street
The 7 Stars by Smithfield
Bars

Epigram.

Hee that by these eight Stars can Calculate,
Iudge of Nativities, and descant Fate :
Yet are their Influences good and bad,
Some gaine wit by them, some lose that they had.

D 3

The

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

The Ship in White-crofs street

Ship at the Posterne gate neere the Tower

Ship at Saint Katherins

Ship at Bermondsey house, or the Armes of
Bristow

Ship in the Dukes place neere London
Wall

Ship neere Saint Mary Ax

Ship behind the Exchange

Ship in Long Alley, neere Moore Fields

Ship in Bishopsgate street

Ship in Fenchurch street

Ship neere Little Eastcheape at Rood lane
end

Ship in Thames street, at Trinity lane
end

Ship behind Old Fishstreet

Ship in the Old Baily

Ship in the Strand

Ship on the Bankside

Epigram.

Here is a Fleet of Ships, ne're crost the Maine,
To bring Commodities from France or Spaine :

They

then thirty times twelve Signes.

They ne're fear'd Tempest, Pyrat, Rock, or Wrack,
Yet are wel freight with French wine and good Sack.

The Swan in White-croff street
Swan in New Fishstreet
Swan in Westminster
Swan at Dowgate
Swan in Knightrider street
Swan in Old Fishstreet
Swan in the Strand
Swan in Saint Giles in the Fields
Swan in Holbourne.

Epigram.

These are strange Swans that neither swim or finke
And all their maintenance is onely drink :
And I in lofty Verse his praise will sing,
That can but pluck a Feather from their wing.

The Shepherd in East-smithfield

The Salutation in Tower street
Salutation neere Billingsgate

D 4

Salutation

TAYLORS *Travels through more*

Salutation neere Mooregate, or London
Wall

Salutation in the Strand

Salutation in Montague Clofe, in South-
warke

Salutation in Holbourne

Epigram.

When men doe meet, and courteously Salute,
They at the Salutation may dispute :
Some for their profit, some for their love or pleasure,
Whilst all their wine is in and out of Measure.

T.

The 3 Tuns at Guild Hall gate

3 Tuns in Newgate Market

3 Tuns in Grafs-street, or Gracious street

3 Tuns neere Charing-Crosse

3 Tuns in Fleetstreet

3 Tuns in Pauls Churchyard

3 Tuns

then thirtie times twelve Signes.

- 3 Tuns in Smithfield
- 3 Tuns in Petticoat Lane
- 3 Tuns at the Tower Hill
- 3 Tuns at Westminster
- 3 Tuns at Saint Mary Hill, neere Billingsgate
- 3 Tuns at Garlick hithe
- 3 Tuns in the Burrough of Southwarke
- 3 Tuns at the lower end of Great Woodstreet
- 3 Tuns neere Holbourne Bridge
- 3 Tuns on the Bank-side
- The* Tun neere the Banke-end in Southwarke
- The* Tun in Thames street, against the Customhouse

Epigram.

These Tuns proclame there's Tuns of Wine below,
Goe in and welcome, try, and you shall know :
There shall you see a plenteous Spring that runs
From Pipes, Buts, Hogsheds, from the liberall Tuns.

Turnstile in Holbourne

Epigram

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

Epigram.

A Turn-stile is a Bar to keepe out Beasts,
Which oft times hath more reason than the Guests :
When Wine makes men the Rules of Reason passe,
They'r far inferiour to Oxe, Horfe, or Affe.

A Taverne with a Bush and no Signe, under
the new Burse
Taverne with a Bush and no Signe, in Milford
lane
Two Tavernes in the Tower of London

Epigram.

Where no Signe is, 'tis no ill Signe to mee,
Where no Signe is, 'tis no good Signe to see :
But though the Signes are neither good nor bad,
There's Wine, Good, Bad, Indifferent, to be had.

V.

The Vineyard in Queenes street
Vintage neere the 3 Cranes in the Vintery

Epigram.

than thirty times twelve Signes.

Epigram.

The Vineyard doth the lushious Grapes produce,
The Vintage Preffeth, and makes Wine their Iuce :
If these yield no good Wine, I must say still,
The Vineyard's Barren, and the Vintage Ill.

Venice, the Signe neere Saint Clements with-
out Temple-bar

Epigram.

The Citty *Venice* (Strong and Opulent)
Fam'd from the Orient, to the Occident :
And sure the Signe of such a Noble Citty
Affords good Wine, or else the more's the pitty.

W.

The two Wraftlers in Lincolns Inne Fields

Epigram.

Wraftling is held a Manly exercife,
A Game Olimpick, both for Praise and Prize :

But

TAYLORS *Travels, through more*

But hee that is moſt Skilfull, Strong or Tall,
And Wraftles with the Wine, ſhall ſurely Fall.

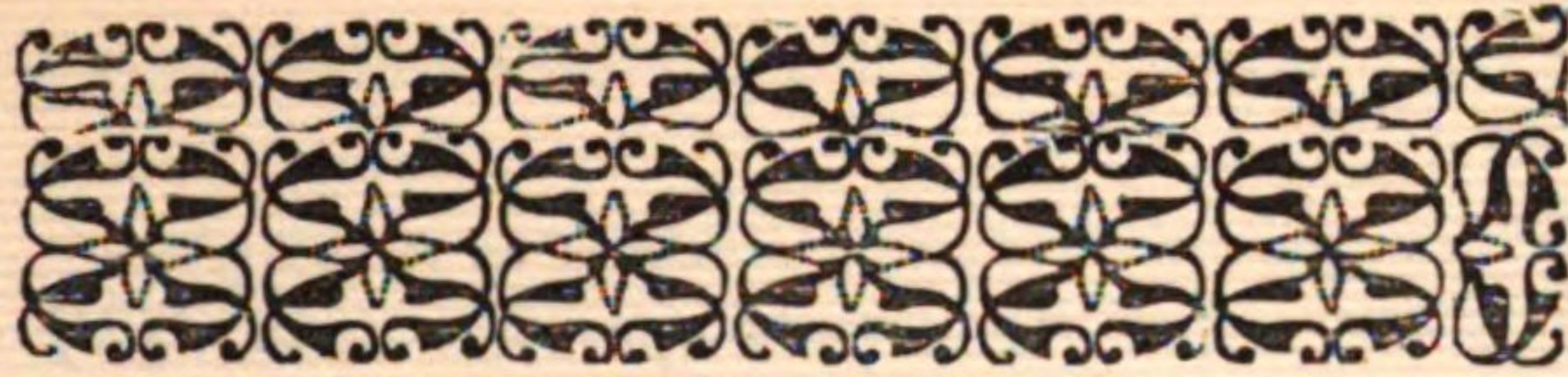
The White Horſe in Nicholas Shambles

The Windemill in Loathbury

Epigram.

No Meale-mouth'd Miller Keepes this Mill I know,
And let the wind blow either high or low,
Hee's kindly taking Toll, and at his Mill
Is Wine exceeding good, and Welcome ſtill.

Befides



Besides these Tavernes before
mentioned, there are foure Houses
in *London* that doe sell Rhennish
Wine, inhabited onely by
Dutchmen ; namely,

THe Stilliard.
The Swan in Thames street
The Swan in Crooked lane
The Sun at Saint Mary Hill

Epigram.

Here's the bright Christall rincing Rhennish Drink,
The salt dry'd *Neats-tongue*, and *West-phalia* skink:
The Pickled *Herring*, and the *Anchovea* rare:
And (if you please) *Potarbo*, or *Caveare*.
They deale in Deale wine, and their dealing's Iust:
And though their Faith be good, they seldom Trust.

Thus

*Thus (Gentle Reader) I have ran a Course
That would have tyr'd (perhaps have kild) a
Horse:*

*For if the winged Pegasus (like Mee)
Had watred been, h'had had no eyes to see:
Or if Bucephalus had trotted so,
Hee had been lam'd and founder'd long agoe.
Yet is my Task not done, for I must Play
A Second Part before I have my Pay:
Which Second Part shall to your view declare
The Tavernes in ten Shires, and where they are;
Within what County, in what Towne, what Signe,
Or else (if not what Signe) who sels the Wine.
The Counties are, Brave Barkshire, Hampshire,
Effex,
Kent, Surrey, Hartford, Middlesex and
Suffex;
With Buckingham and Oxford; these are they
Which in my Second Part I must display.*

FINIS.

1638.

Bull, Beare, and Horfe.

[HAZLITT, No. 60.]

2001

Shoof bus, 71000, 11000

[60-00-000000]

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, Cut, Curtaile, and Longtaile.

VWith Tales, and Tales of Bulls,
Clenches, and Flashes.

As also here and there a touch of our
Beare-Garden-sport; with the second part
of the Merry conceits of Wit
and Mirth.

Together with the Names of all
the *Bulls* and *Beares*.



LONDON,
Printed by *M. Parsons*, for *Henry Goffon*, and
are to be sold at his shop on London
Bridge. 1638.

Bill 100

Home Care Act

and

Health Services Act

1990

As amended by Bill 101

and Bill 102

and Bill 103

and Bill 104

and Bill 105

and Bill 106

and Bill 107

and Bill 108

and Bill 109

and Bill 110

and Bill 111

and Bill 112

and Bill 113

and Bill 114

and Bill 115

and Bill 116

and Bill 117

and Bill 118

and Bill 119

and Bill 120

and Bill 121

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and Bill 124

and Bill 125

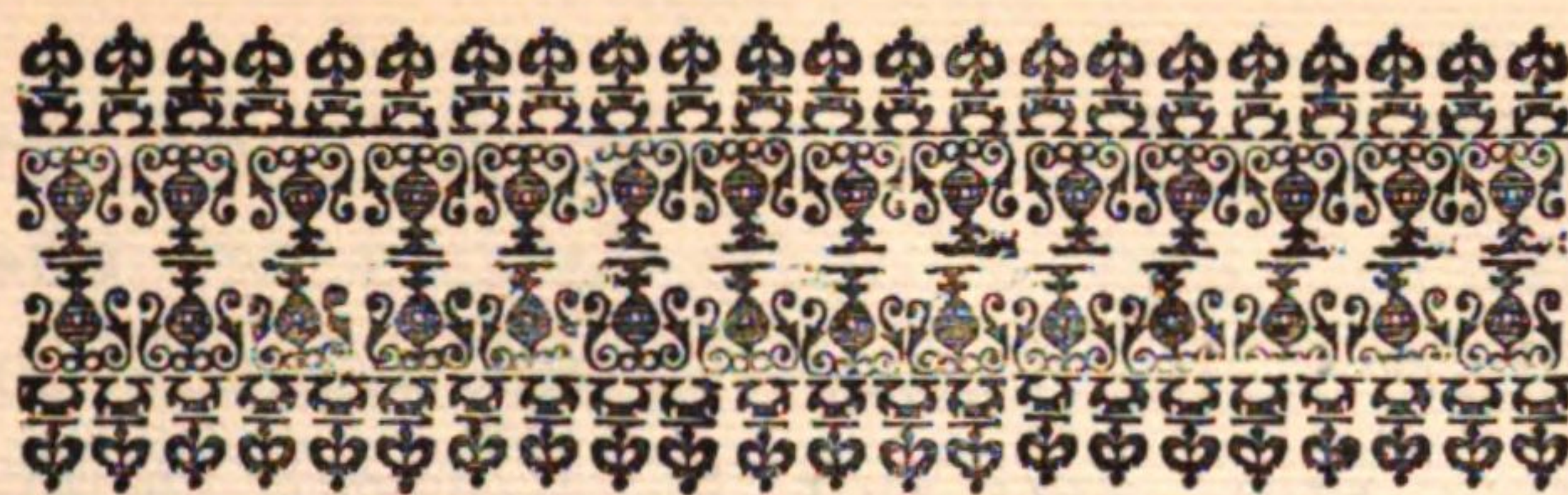
and Bill 126

and Bill 127

and Bill 128

and Bill 129

and Bill 130



This Dedication is directed, to
his well-Affected and much Respe-
cted, his often Approved, and truly
beloved, Mr. *Thomas Godfrey*, Kee-
per of the Game for Beares,
Bulls, and Dogges.

 Ind friend, I am sure you
can defend me from being
bitten with your *Beares*,
though not from being
back-bitten by *Envie*; you can stave
me, and save me, from the Goring of
your *Bulls*, but there are too many
heards of other Horned Beasts to But
at my Inventions, and tosse my harm-

A 3

leffe

The Epistle.

lesse meaning , as their empty Iudgements , and Witleffe fancies are enclin'd ; howsoever I am resolv'd to love you, and not to Respect them. I am glad that you can say that an excessive time of charge is past with you, and I hope for better dayes and times . I have touched here and there merrily upon the Game , but so farre from offence , that I doe expect that it will be pleasing both to the Wife , and to the Indifferent Readers. And mee thinkes very Fooles should not be angry with it , for I have thrust in a great many Bables to please them to If any thing doe seeme distastefull in it, my Comfort is , that a Wise man will not set his Wit to mine , and be offended ; but if a Foole be angry , then I will
not

Dedicatorie.

not fet my Wit to his, and take exceptions. And thus with my best wishes to you and yours , I remaine a poore friend to you and yours,

Iohn Taylor.

A 4

Buls



Bull, Beare, and Horfe, Cuts,
Curtols, and Longtailes.

COncerning *Buls*, fure no man is so Dull,
Or ignorant, but that he knowes a *Bull*:
There are more sorts of *Bulls* then Beares
For *Iupiter*, (the chiefe of Heathen gods) (by ods,
Into a *Bull*, was pleas'd himselfe to Shape,
When on *Europa* he committed Rape:
And to a *Bull*, he turn'd his forme divine
When he (*on Ceres*) got faire *Proserpine*.
Taurus (the *Bull*) is if you wisely Note
A Signe Cælestiall for the Necke and Throat,
If any doubt of it, let them but go
And buy an Almanacke, hee'le finde it so.
Pasipha Queene of *Creet*, (a Royall Trull)
Was monstrously enamour'd of a *Bull*:
'Twixt whom the Monster *Minotaure* was got,
As in th'eighth Booke of *Ovid* it was wrot.

But

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

But fure the ftories truth is better fram'd,
That fayer there was a man there (*Taurus* nam'd)
Who was beloved of the luftfull Queene,
And had with her too oft familiar beene.
'Tis faid *Semiramis* (King *Ninus* Mother)
Did love a Bull, which is as true as 'tother.
When as Juft *Minos*, (*Creets* victorious King)
The *Megarans* did to's fubjection bring,
For which to *Iove* a feaft he folemniz'd,
Wherein a hundred *Buls* were facrific'd.
The Brazen Bull of *Phallaris* the Tyrant,
Was fuch a Beaft, as made the World admire on't,
In which men Roafted, were to death Tormented,
And he firft fuffred in't that it Invented.
There dwels a man at *Rome*, that *Buls* can make,
To make feduced Kings, and Kingdomes Quake,
Which *Buls* (though Lead) (O wondrous to behold
Are quickly Metamorphos'd into Gold.
There's the Philofophers Admired Jemme,
(That long fought Jewell, worth a Diademe)
That hard, hard ftone, which many men have fought
And all they found, they found themfelves worth
The Caftle *Angello*, doth it Immure (nought;
And there turnes droffy Lead, to Gold moft pure.
There are *Bulbeggars*, which fright Children much,
There are *Bull* Taverns, that mens Wits will tutch;
And further (for the *Buls* Renowne and fame)
We had an ex'lent Hangman of that name.

Suppofe

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Suppose a man's match'd with a beauteous Wife,
Who with an ugly Dwarfe defiles her life,
To please her husband, she can fiddle, faddle,
Whilst oftentimes a Monkey sits his Saddle,
A man may say, that he most basely is
Bull'd with an *Urchin*, through his Wifes amisse.
And now of late a *Bull's* a Common Creature,
For men (with *nonsense*) do speak Bull's by Nature,
From East to West, from North unto the South,
Bull's are produc'd each houre, by Word of Mouth.
Which every day are brought unto the Printer,
Faster then *Mother Puddings made her Winter*.
To the decay of many a Tallow Taper,
And the consuming many a Reame of Paper,
Soft mault doth make sweet Fire, the Proverb sayes,
Or else the *Bull* sayes so, you see which wayes.
If men would use to *Leape before they Looke*,
Bulls should not thus be thrust in many a Booke,
For though *Care may be Kill'd with any Cat*,
You are not sure *the Fire is in the Fat*,
Fooles faine (say they) do often make faire Words,
Yet *some may Catch the Bush, some beat the Birds*.
But *Better comes the seldome*, I desire
For *My Kill set the Peck of Maulte on fire*.
This any man may, to himselfe apply
That *when the Larks fall, we may catch the skie*.
But if my Judgement do me not deceive
I do esteeme it *better lacke then leave*.

Though

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Though Brawne and Bacon breeds from Bores and
Yet *hungry Puddings will eat dirty Doggs.* (Hoggs,
And fure a man had better bide away,
Then come to late, *A Faire after the Day.*
If fuch a one speed well, it is as rare,
As tis *To catch a Taber with a Hare.*
Which is as certaine as blind Fortunes Wheele,
Or hold fast *Like a wet Taile by the Ecle.*
Let every man a true decorum keepe,
Becaufe tis ill, *A waking Dogge to sleepe.*
And tis a Proverb throughout Christendome,
That never *One day was not built in Rome.*
If great men give me nothing, I fay plaine,
Ile hurle as much as that at them againe.
He that stickes downe a Goose, and steales a Feather,
Doth (by that match) not save, or profit neither.
A long Corne for short harvest men may see,
Like tedious woeing for a scornfull shee.
Tis folly for a man to fall at strife
With *Women, who hath nine Cats like a life ;*
For when the Gray-Horse is the better Mare,
A Blinde man may be taken with a Hare.
Spet in your hold, take better hands I say,
We may be heere to Morrow, and gone to day.
The man that angrie is without amends,
Tis fit (*without a cause he be made friends :*)
For though men know their Cattel by their marks
The greatest men are not the wisest Clarkes.

I pur-

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

I purpose no mans credit to defame,
But *He that is halfe hang'd, hath no good name.*
Though all these Rimes are scarcely worth a Token
The Water to the Pott goes till tis broken.
Who cuts their fingers must abide them bleed,
And when Geese preach, then let the Fox take heede.
Tis hard to make me thinke, or late, or soone,
That ever *Greene Cheese was made of the Moone.*
Nor is it fit (as I doe understand)
To put a mad Sword in a nak'd mans hand.
A man may be a Drunkard or a Leacher,
And yet *mend as the Bolt doth mend the Fletcher.*
Or *as the sowre Ale mends the Sommer, so*
A man (mistooke) may make his friend, his foe.
For all this, 'tis not fitting to be book'd,
How once olde *Lincolne ore the Devill look'd.*
The Ancient Proverb still doth stand in force,
Some better may looke one then steale a Horfe.
It may be some will not these lines allow,
But then *they take a wrong Eare by the Sow.*
Twas never yet a question in the Law,
To stumble at a Blocke, leape ore a straw.
But any man of simple wit may finde,
That *all this Corne hath shaken downe no Winde.*
He that will wrangle for an Egge thats Addle,
Although he lose the Horfe, may winne the Saddle.
And thus my Muse, most lowly elevated,
These English Proverbs hath to *Bulls* translated.

More

Bull, Beare, and, Horfe, &c.

More worthy, and Remarkeable observations of the *Bull*.

AS is before Repeated in my lines,
Taurus (the *Bull*) 'mongst the Celestial Signes;
So *Taurus* is a Mountaine, whose high Top
Doth seeme to scale the Skies, and underprop
The *Bull* that's stellified; That Hill doth Bound
All *Asia* on the North, about it round
Is many a Kingdome and large Continent,
Which shewes the *Bull* is mighty in extent.
A Bull's a Beast of State and Reputation,
For he that eats *Bull* Beefe, (by approbation)
With eating such strong meate, I do assure ye
'Twill puffe him up, and make him swell with fury.
If any man will but himselfe examine,
Hee'le find a *Bull*, a Buckler against famine,
A *Bull's* a happy Creature, whence proceeds
Most of the food, whereon most people feeds:
He, and his sweet hearts (most beloved Kine)
Yeelds thousands wherewithall to suppe and dine.
The *Calves*, (his sonnes and daughters) plenteously
With young and tender *Veale*, our wants supply.
And from the *Bull'd Cow*, (in perpetuall motion)
Milke flowes amongst us daily like an *Ocean*,
Sweet *Creame*, and Cockney *Curds* they yeeld each
And (for the poor) *Whig*, *Buttermilk* and *Whay*, (day,
Cheese

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Cheefe Raw, or Toasted, or to Bait Moufe-traps,
And *Butter*, to annoint the *Flemmings* Chaps,
The *Milk-Pans* do allow, like bounteous *Pooles*,
Meanes to make *Cheefe-cakes*, *Custards*, *Flawns*, and
And at the *Milk-pale* I have seene and heard (*Fools*,
Good *Sullabubs*, have been both made and mard.
It is the *Bull's* Conjunction with the Cow
(With blest encrease) that doth these things allow.
Without the *Bull* we should be so unflor'd,
The Kingdome could not yeeld a *Poffet* Curd.
Know then by this (good Reader) what a *Bull* is,
And he that will not know it, but a Gull is.
The *Oxe* (the *Buls* strong Eunuch son) is Chiefe
Of Mortall meats, (man-feeding vigorous Beefe)
And who so will amongst the *Butchers* seeke
In *London*, and in *Westminster* each weeke,
With those two Cities Bounds, and Liberties,
With Countrey Butchers, and the great supplies
That Market folkes do to those parts Impart
(The Load of many a Horfe, and many a Cart)
The *Beeves* thus slaine, and eaten would appeare
Above 3000, each weeke through the yeere.
Chines, Surloyns, Flanks, Clods, Legs, doth fill us full,
Brisket and Marrow-bones comes from the *Bull*;
A Neatf-tongue dri'd is deere, a Dish of State,
At *Stilliard* any man may know the Rate.*

* *Innumerable are the people and families that live by the Bull
and the Bulls off-spring.*

With

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

With many more things which Ile not Recite,
'Twould trouble men to Read, and I to write.
Thus do the Butchers Thriue, the Grafiere Gaine,
The Cooks and Viſtualers, do their ſtates maintain,
Sowſe-wives grow plump and fat, and 'tis becauſe
Their ſale is quicke for Muggets Paunches, Mawes,
Tripes, Reads, Neatsfeet, Cowheels, & Chitterlings,
Whilſt many thouſands feed on Bag-puddings.
Note but how well the Cheeſe-mongers do live,
And what a uſefull gainfull Trade they drive :
Yet in their ſhops there is true Juſtice found
The poore mans peney, and the rich mans pound
Shall have true, weight according to proportion,
Without conivence, falſhood, or extortion.
Were there no *Buls*, Chandlers were beggerd quite
Nor could they ſell our darkneſſe any light
At any price of Reaſon, then our Guiſe
Were ſoone to go to Bed, and late to Riſe.
Thus is the *Bull*, and the *Bulls* Breed deſceſted
In Fleſh and Entrales ; now my Quil's erected
(In what is writ before I have not Lyde)
And now Ile flouriſh ore the *Hornes* and *Hyde*.
The *Tanners* wealth encreaſeth day and Night,
'Till at the laſt his Sonne is dub'd a Knight :
And Daughters ſhould be (could they purchaſe
With Portions, and proportions Ladyſi'de. (pride)
The *Currier* alſo needs not Curry favoure, (*vour*.
For though his Trade ſmell, *ſomethidg hath ſome ſa-*
Nor

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Nor would men be so mad as to prefer
Their sonnes bound prentise to a *Shoomaker* ;
But that their future hopes do them perswade,
It is no Bare-footed and Bootlesse Trade.
Nor will it ever lack, or live in scorne,
'Till all our children without feet are borne ;
For (more then any Trade) hee'le sing and play,
Whilst every Munday is his Holiday.
And when a Shoomaker falls to decay,
Hee'le be a Cobler new, and mend that way :
But there's a monstrous Trade, of late sprung forth,
Doth spoil more Leather then their skins are worth ;
The best Hydes they devoure, and Gurmundize,
Which makes the worst in price too high to Rise ;
With them the World doth bravely run on Wheeles,
Whilst poore men pinch and pay, quite out at heels.
But hold, what vessell have I set a Broach,
What is muse got jolting in a Coach ?
Out with a vengeance, walk on foot I pray
And to the *Bull* again direct your way.
Now for the excellent Admired Horne
More profitable then the Unicorne.
For Hoopes, for Spectacles, for Combs to dresse you
(Which when they come so neere your heads, pray
And 'tis a *Bull* I have heard often said (blesse you)
Reach me the Iron Shooing Horne good Maid.
And when the Hunted Stag bids life farewell,
The Huntsmans *Horn* doth bravely Ring his Knell,
B Which

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Which was the *Bull-calves*, or the *Buls-horns* once
Before the Gelder reft him of his ftones.
Thus from the *Bull*, and the *Bulls* Breed you fee,
A world of people ftill maintained be ;
He finds flefh, Bootes, Shooes, Lights, and ftands in
And great importance to afford us Bread. (ftead
The *Bulls* deare fonne (the *Oxe*) with daily toyle,
Weares out himfelfe with plowing and turmoyle,
And all to find us bread, and when he dyes,
His Flefh, Hyde, Hornes, and all our wants fupplies.
So much for *Bulls* now in particular,
For our Beare-Garden *Bull*, a *Bull* of war,
A ftout, a valiant, and a Head-ftrong-Beaft,
Which did not fight this 18 Moneths at leaft ;
A Beaft of mighty pollicy and power,
That at his Dog foes will looke Grim, and Lower,
Hee'le Knit the Brow with terror, in fuch fort,
That when he chafes moft, then he makes moft
At pufh of Pike, he with his head will play, (sport ;
And with his feet fperne injuries away ;
Hee'l turne and wind as nimble as an Eele,
And kicke, and skornes abufes with his Heele ;
Hee'le fling and throw, hee'le bravely toffe & turn,
Hee'le hurle and heave, and dangeroufly fperne,
Note but his valour, when hee's at the ftake,
How he prepares himfelfe the Dog to take :
His feet fix'd faft, difdaining once to ftirre,
His wary eye upon the angry *Cur*.

Whil'ft

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Whilst politickly with his Head he weaves,
And with advantage up his foe he heaves,
With such a force, that often with the fall
Hee's dead, or lam'd, or hath no power to sprawle.
Thus hath our *Bull* fought in his owne defence,
And purchas'd (for his Master) Crowns and pence.
And for that purpose may do so agen,
(I wish I had the knowledge to know when)
For since the time a *Bull* a Dog could tosse,
Our Beare-Garden had never such a losse:
But lets not lay the fault upon the Times,
But let us blame our selves, and cease our Crimes.

B 2

A Tale

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BARR



Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches, Long and short Tales.

*A Tale of a Bull that was bought
instead of a Cowe.*

IT was well knowne
to many ancient peo-
ple to this day, that in
the Citie of *Glouce-*
ster, without the *South*
Gate, in the Parish of
Saint *Ewins*, (where
my selfe was borne)
there dwelt a Schoolemaster, who was
called Master *Greene*, to whom I with ma-
ny more went to Schoole, for some small
learning beyond the Horn-Booke; This

B 3

Master

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

Master *Greene* did love new milke so well, that because he would be sure to have it new, he would buy a Cowe of his owne, and to that purpose went to the Beast Market, but by the way having met with some friends, and a Cup or two of Sack, it had so wrought in the old mans pate, that when he came to the Beast-market, his eyes so dazled and doated on a faire Bull, that he suppos'd his Cod to be a goodly Cowes Vdder; so he (neither naming Cowe or Bull) demanded the price of the Beast, till at the last the Bull was bought and sold, and driven home to a stable of Master *Greenes*, who being glad of his good bargaine, told his wife of it; and when the Evening milking time was come, Master *Greene*, with his Wife and Maid, went to the Stable, where the Wench kneeling downe to milke, and taking the Bull by the Cod, shee said shee could find ne're a Teate, whereat the man and woman were amaz'd; and the Bull (for his owne ease) instead of milke, pist
in

Long and short Tales.

in the Paile, for the which Master *Greene* was ever mockt and flouted, and my felfe (with my Fellow Schollers) to shew our acute forwardnesse in Rime, and out of the shallownesse of our deepe judgements, composed this poetickall *Enconium*.

Our Master *Greene*, was overseene,
In buying of a *Bull*;

For when the Maid, did meane to milke,
He pift the Paile halfe full — *probatum*.

Our Schoolemaster did take these Verses so kindly, that having found out the grave Authors of them; he (to expresse, or declare his love to Poetry) gave us such speedy, present and yet backward sure payment, that we danc'd at it, and were so merry, that our cheekes ran downe with water.

B 4

Another

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

Another Tale of a Towne Bull.

A Parson of a Countrey Village (for the encrease of Towne Calves) kept a lusty *Bull*, which serv'd for the use of the whole Parish; which *Bull* was fallen so poor and leane, that his bones might have been almost told as they were ready to start out of his skin, and the cold Winter being come, the miserable Parson put the *Bull* to graze on the bare ground in in the Churchyard, (for there was little or no Grasse) and there was also a Horse of the Parsons as leane as the *Bull*, which fed (or fasted) in the said Churchyard. These poore Beasts being almost starved with hunger and cold, and the hardnesse of their Masters heart, it fortun'd that in a very darke night, there arose a very violent Tempest of wind and raine, so that the *Bull* for succour and shelter from the weather, went into the Church porch, and there lay downe and dyed with cold and
famine.

Long and short Tales.

famine. The Horfe likewise (having the like purpofe to get out of the ftorme) went to the Church-porch, and by reafon it was fo darke, he ftumbled over the dead *Bull*, and ran his head againft the Church doore, which was fo old and broken that with the force of the Horfes fall, it flew open and let the Horfe into the Church, who recovering his legs, and walking up and downe, mufing where he was, at the laft he came to the Bell Ropes, which the Countrey people that ufed to Ring, had (for the eafe of their hands) made wifpes, or wads of Hay faft round about the handfafts or handles of the Ropes; the which Hay, the Horfe fmelling out, he being hungry, laid lippes to, and pull'd fo hard at the Hay, that the Rope gave warning to the Bell, and the Bell to the Clapper, that it Rang now and then a ftroake or twain, which the Parfon hearing, he marvelled much what the matter fhould be, or who fhould jangle the Bels fo confufedly at that time of the night, in the meane fpace
the

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

the Horfe goes from Rope to Rope, (as he could find them in the darke) which caused every Bell to toll in an untuned Diapason : At last the Parson arofe, and called up the Clerke, and some neighbours, and lighted their Lanthornes (which were the lighter and the heavier for their Candles) so they came amazedly and fearefully to the Churchyard, and there they found the *Bull* dead in the Churchporch, and the Horfe in the Bell-frey ringing his Knell. Although there be no impossibilitie in this Tale, yet I am not guilty of the beleefe of it, nor am I bound to prove it.

Bulls with short Tales.

A Taxation, or levie, or payment was laid upon a Countrey Village, for the repairing or mending of a bad highway, against the which collection the people grumbled and murmur'd very much ; So that one of the most grave and wise of the Parish, said to the Officers that gathered

Long and short Tales.

red the money, *I tell you friends, if these kind of Burséments and elections be laid thus tollerbly upon us; 'its enough to make folkes mad, and rise in devotion.*

A Bull.

A Fellow going from *London* towards *Rumford* in *Essex*, before he came at *Ilford*, (somewhat neer the highway) he saw the carcases of three murderers hang'd in Chaines, and at his returne home being demaunded what newes he had brought out of the countrey; Truely (quoth he) I have no great newes to tell you, but I saw a rare sight, which was, *I saw three men hang'd in Tibblets.*

A cleare sighted Bull.

ONE met a man in the street, taking acquaintance of him thus, Sir I am a stranger, and am mistaken in you, for you are not the Gentleman that I tooke you for, *but I pray you pardon me, for I am sure I have seene you by sight.*

Mistakes.

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches.

Mistakes.

SOME neighbours being at hot contention, for a matter of little or nothing: the businesse was brought before a Iustice, who said unto them, My good neighbours, I do wish you to agree, for the proverbe says truly, *The Law is costly*; therefore I would have you to put the Controversie to me, and I will set all differences even betwixt you; Truly Sir, said one, I do humbly thanke your worship, the matter concerns my wife, and *I put her Case to your Worship* withall my heart; in truth quoth another, I am contented, *I am willing to deferre the matter to your Worships discredit.*

A Bull of authority.

A Major of a Countrey Towne, being fate with the rest of his Brethren, in the Towne-house began to make a grave Oration,

Long and short Tales.

Oration, beginning as followeth. Brethren, friends, and neighbours, I am in good hope that our proceedings will be to a good purpose, because we are so happily and lovingly *seperated together amongst ourselves.*

A shee Bull.

A Young Shee Citizen borne, was newly married, having never in her life been a Traveller further than she could heare the sound of *Bow Bell.* Her Husband (on a time) went with her into the Countrey a Ayring, whereas they were going thorow a meddow, there was a Tree, upon one of the Boughes whereof a Mole Catcher had hang'd up many *Moles* or *Wants* which he had taken, which the young woman espying, shee call'd to her husband, saying, *O what a sollitary life it is to live in the Cittie, where no such fine things do grow as are heere in the Countrey for looke you Husb and heere is a Black-pudding Tree.*

A poore

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

A Roguish Flash.

A Poore man was going to the Market (on a Saturday) to buy Beefe, he having a Roguish boy to his sonne, the boy asked him whether he was going; he answered, I am going to the Butchers. O father (said the boy) *the Butchers are crafty fellowes, and if you take not heed, they will co-sin you, therefore I advise you to take the Dog with you, for two heads are better than one.*

A Flash.

A Neat Gentleman, with an Ash colour, or Silver coloured paire of filke Stockings, going hastily through the gate that leads into the Pallace at *Westminster*, suddenly, a woman (or maid) did chance to cast out a dish or pot of new-made warme water, some part whereof lighted in the Gentlemans shooes, and withall besparkled his filke Stockings; at which very angerly he said, *Thou filthy base sluttish Queane, Canst thou not see but throw*

Long and short Tales.

throw thy stinking pisse into my shooes and hose?

To whom she answered, Sir, I am sorry that I have done you any wrong, but yet you have done me a great deal more injury then I have done to you, for I would have you know, that I am no such *Slut* as you call'd me, neither do I keep pisse till it stinkes, but I *alwayes throw it away fresh and fresh as I make it.*

A Bull.

TWO Gentlemen passing up the River of *Thames*, with a paire of Oares from *London-Bridge* towards *Westminster*, one of the Gentlemen did take somewhat in distaste, that one of the Watermen had either said or done to him; the Waterman did intreat him not to be angry, and said he did meane no harme, and was sorry that a Gentleman should be angry for nothing; but the more the one did entreat, the more furious the other was, insomuch that he said to the Waterman, *Sirra, hold your prating, for I vow as I am a Gentleman, if I do rise and come to thee, I will knocke thy head and the wall together.*

A Clench.

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

A Clench.

AN old man had fate tipling so long at the Ale-house, that he had almost gotten a Loafe out of the Brewers Basket, and having an unhappy Boy to his sonne, who came for him to get him home, to whom the old man said, *Sirra Boy have a care of me, and lead me well, for my head is very light;* to whom the Boy answered, *Father, it is long of your eyes that your head is light, for if they were out, your head would be in the darke.*

A Bull.

A Gentleman riding in the Countrey, attended with one Servingman, they met a fellow that was a stride upon a Cowe, the Servingman said, Master behold, yonder is a strange sight. What is it said the Gentleman? Why sir (said the man) looke you sir, *there is one Rides on Horseback upon*

Long and short Tales.

upon a Cowe; that's a great Bull, said the Gentleman; nay fir, said his man, it is no Bull, I know it is a Cowe by his Teats.

A Mistake.

ONE that was a Good-fellow upon the Score so farre, that many blacke posts did proclaime his credit in fundry Taverns, Ale-houses, and Tobacco shops, Chalk was the Inke, to remember what Chinke he owed for his Drinke. It happened, that his braine being intoxicated with late tipling in a frosty Winters night, and his way being over a little Close from the Alehouse to his owne house, hee perceiving the Grasse all milke-white with the hoary frost; at which sight hee merrily said to one that went with him, *Now I see that all the world is Chalk'd, and my Scores will never be seene for me to pay them.*

C

A Bull

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

A Bull.

TWO men in a hot Summer Evening, stripped themselves out of their Cloathes, to swimme or wash themselves in the *Thames*, or some other Brooke or River; and having (as they thought) staid overlong in the water, one of them said, Let us now go a Shore, and put on our cloathes, for it is time to go home. The other answered, do you go on shore first, *I will but unlose a point, and come to you presently.*

A short Bull.

ONE said, that *the best Bull-dog that ever he saw play at the Beare, was a Brended Bitch.*

A

Long and short Tales.

A Citie Bull.

TWO Citizens, having been making merry in *Middlesex*, came riding homewards through a Village called *Acton* (which is fixe miles from *London*) and perceiving a faire house, with the doores and windowes shut, one of them said, it was great pitty that such a handsome building should want an inhabitant; to whom the other answered, you say true brother, it is pitty, *but if I had this house in London, it should not stand empty heere.*

A Curtoll Bull.

ONE said that he was so fows'd and dash'd with a showre of Raine, *that he had ne're a dry thred wet about him.*

C 2

A

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

A pretty Bull.

ONE was perswaded to go into the water and wash himselfe, he answered that it was dangerous, and that *he did never meane to go into any River, or other water, before he had first learn'd to swimme perfectly.*

A Mistake.

A Man departed from his house, and dwelling privately, without taking leave of any body, and travell'd; so that it was not knowne to any what was become of him, at last there was a supposition that he was kill'd in a quarrell by a mad fellow that behaved himselfe so well, that few honest folkes lov'd him. This fellow was apprehended, and arraigned at the Assises for suspition of the fact, and by some strong presumptions appeared so guilty, that he was thought fit to be hang'd, and
after

Long and short Tales.

after a yeares imprifonment, he went abroad now and then (with the leave of the Iaylor) where by chance he met the man that was fupposed to be flaine by him; whereupon the prifoner got his liberty: who comming among his old Conforts, he faid, My Masters, *I have endured a great deale of trouble about killing of a Rascall, and nothing grieves me fo much, as that I met the Rogue fixeene moneths after in Aylfbury Market.*

A Bull.

ONE faid that the High Sherife of Yorkefhire did entertaine the Iudges in a brave and commendable fashon, *with one hundred and twenty men, all in one faire Livery of Gray Marble.*

B 3

A Tale

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

Of a Fryer.

A Preaching Fryer once reprooved his Auditors for sleeping at his Sermons, but yet (said he) I pray you do not refraine comming to Church though you do sleepe, for God Almighty may chance to take some of you napping.

Of a Saylor and his Wife.

A Saylor was absent on a Voyage three yeeres, in the meane space his Wife had a Boy, twenty moneths old, to entertaine him withall at his returne: the Saylor said, Wife, whose childe is this? marry husband (quoth she) it is mine, and God sent it me in your absence. To which the man repli'd I will keepe this child, because God sent him, but if God send me any more on that fashion, he shall keep them himselfe.

A

Long and short Tales.

A witty Tale of a new married man.

A Young fellow being newly married, having been from home, came suddenly into his house, and found his Wife at foule play with another man : the poor young Cuckold ran presently and told his wives father all the businesse, who replied thus ; Sonne, I married her mother, and I tell thee plaine that thy wife seems to be her daughter in conditions as well as feature, for I have taken her mother many times in that manner, and no warning would serve her, till in the end age made her leave it, and so will thy wife do when she is old and past it.

*A Tale of three Gossips, that would know,
Whereabouts a Cuckolds hornes do grow.*

THree Gossips in a Tavern, chatting over a Pint of Sherry, said one of them, I muse whereabouts a Cuckolds hornes grow ; quoth the second, I think they do grow in the pole, or nape of the neck ; verily, quoth the third, I do think it to be
C 4 true,

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

true, for my Husbands bands are alwayes
worn out behind.

Of a Whore.

ONE called a Whore lazie jade, content your selfe, quoth another, as lazie as she seemes, she is able to carry a man quicke to the Divell.

Of Cuckolds.

A Company of neighbours that dwelt all in a rowe, in one side of a street; one of them said, Let us be merry, for it is reported that we are all Cuckolds that dwell on our side of the street (except one) one of the women fate musing, to whom her husband said; (wife) what all *a mort*, why art thou so sad? no, quoth shee, I am not sad, but I am studying which of our neighbours it is that is not a Cuckold.

A

Long and short Tales.

A Clench.

A Gentleman being in a house of iniquitie, or Cousin-German to a Bawdy house, the roome being very darke, he called aloud for a *light Huswife*; to whom a Wench made answer, I come *Incontinent*.

*He calls for light, she understood him right,
For she was vanity which made her light:
She said she would incontinent attend,
To make her Continent, she needs to mend.*

A Mistake.

TWO Maids (or servants) dwelling in a house together, the one of them having occasion to use a Steele, smoothing Iron, or some such kinde of Laundry Instrument, and having sought it, and not finding it, said to her fellow, thou dost mislay every thing in the house, and art so
busie

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

busie a baggage that thou canst let *nothing stand*; to which the other answered, and you are so wayward and teasty, that a little thing troubles you, and puts you in a great anger.

A Gentlewomans answer to a Captaine.

IN a time of Peace, a Captaine being in company, where after dinner there was dancing, with whom a Gentlewoman was desirous to dance, the Captaine said, he was made to fight, and not to dance: to whom she answered, that it were good that he were oil'd and hang'd up in an Armory, till there were occasion to use him.

Of a Huffing Gallant.

ONe asked a Huffing Gallant, why he had not a Looking-Glasse in his Chamber, he answered, he durst not, because he was often angry, and then he look'd so terribly, that he was fearefull to looke upon himselfe.

O

Long and short Tales.

Of a fellow that was whipt.

There was a fellow that (not for his goodnesse) was whipt at a Cartstaylor; and in his execution he drew backward, to whom a Gentleman (in pittie) said, Fellow, do not draw back, but presse forward, and thy execution and paines will be the sooner past and done; to whom the Rogue answered, It is my turn now, when thou art whip'd, do thou go as thou wilt, and now I will go as I please.

Beleeve it if you list.

One said, that he had travaild so farre that he had laid his hand upon the hole where the wind came forth: a second said, that he had bin at the farthest edge of the world, and driven a nayle quite thorow it: the third repli'd, that he had been further, for he was then on the other side of the world, and clencht that nayle.

Of

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

Of a Pope.

There was a Pope, who being dead, it is said that he came to heaven gate and knock'd; Saint *Peter* (being within the Gate) asked who was there? The Pope answered, Brother, it is I, I am the last Pope deceased; Saint *Peter* said, if thou be the Pope, why dost thou knocke, thou having the Keyes, mayest unlocke the gate and enter? The Pope replyed, saying, that his predecessors had the Keyes, but since their time the Wards were altered.

*A Tale betwixt a Miser and a
poore Man.*

A Rich Miser, being reviled by a poore man, whom he had oppressed; the rich man said, Thou Dog, leave thy barking: the poore man answered, that he had one quality of a good dog, which was, to barke when he saw a Thiefe.

A

Long and short Tales.

*An unhappy answer of a Boy to his father
playing at Dice.*

A Man being deeply in play at Dice, having lost much money, his son (a little Lad) being by him, wept; quoth the father, Boy, why dost thou weepe? the Boy answered, that he had read that *Alexander* the Great, wept when he heard that his father (King *Philip*) had conquered many Cities, Townes, and Territories, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; and I weepe the contrary way (quoth the Boy) for I feare that my Father will leave me nothing to lose.

Of one that oppresseth the Poore.

AN Oppressor having felled all the trees in a Forrest, which for a long time had been the reliefe of many poore people, said, that it was as good as a Comedy to him to see the trees fall; to whom a
poore

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

poore man said, I hope, as thou makest a Comedy of our miseries, that three of those trees may be reserved to finish a Tragedy for thee and thy children.

Of one that forgot his old acquaintance.

ONE lamented his friends hard fortune, that being raised to a place of honour, was growne senselesse, forgetting all his old familiar acquaintance, and so far from knowing any man, that he knew not himselfe.

Of Instruments and Engines.

THE Plough surpasseth the Pike, the Harrow excelleth the Halbert, the Coulter exceeds the Cuttleax, the Goad is better then the Gunne; for the one sort are the Instruments of life and profit, and the other are the Engines of death, and all kinds of calamities.

Either

Long and short Tales.

Either shame, or hunger.

A Poore man is in two extreames: first, if he aske, he dyes with shame; secondly, if he aske not, hee dies with hunger.

An Officers excuse.

ONE being in Office, was reprov'd for negligence; his excuse was, that it was his best policy to be idle: for if hee should do ill, he should displease God, and if he should do well, he should offend men: to whom one answered, you ought to do your dutie, for in well doing you shall please God, and in ill doing you shall please men.

How

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

*How women take pleasure to be
sued unto.*

WOMEN take great pleasure to be
to be sued to, though they never
meane to grant.

Of Suites in Law.

ONE said that Suiters in Law were
mortall, and their sute immortall,
and that there is more profit in a quicke
deniall, then in a long dispatch.

Of Rome.

A Traveller was talking what a goodly
City *Rome* was, to whom one of the
company said, that all *Rome* was not Italy,
for we had too much *Rome* in *England*.

Of

Long and short Tales.

Irish wood an enemy to Caterpillars.

A Countrey Fellow came into *Westminster* Hall, where one told him that the roofe of it was made of *Irish* wood, and that the nature of it was such, that no Spider would come neere it, and he said (further) that in *Ireland*, no Toad, Snake, or Caterpillar can live, but that the Earth, or the Trees will destroy them: Ah (quoth the Countrey man) I wish with all my heart that the Benches, Barres and Flooring were all made of such earth and wood, and that all Coaches, Barges, and Wherries, were made of *Irish* Oake, that all our *English* Caterpillars might be destroyed.

Thomas Coriat's *complaint of*
Iohn Taylor.

M After *Thomas Coriat* (on a time) complained against me to King *James*,
D desiring

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

desiring His Majestie that he would cause some heavie punishment to be inflicted upon me, for abusing him in writing (as he said I had) to whom the King replide, that when the Lords of His Honourable Privie Councell had leisure, and nothing else to do, then they should heare and determine the differences betwixt Master *Coriat* the Scholler, and *Iohn Taylor* the Sculler: which answer of the King was very acceptable to Master *Coriat*. Whereupon I made this following Petition to the King.

To

Long and short Tales.

TO THE KINGS MOST
Excellent Majestie.

The humble Petition of *John Taylor*, your
Majesties poore Water-Poet.

Sheweth,

MOst mighty Monarch of *this famous Ile,*
(*Vpon the knees of my submissive mind*)
I beg thou wilt be graciously inclin'd,
To reade these lines my rusticke Pen compile:
Know (Royall Sir(Tom Coriat works the wile,
Your high displeasure on my head to bring;
And well I wot, the sot, his words can file,
In hope my fortunes head-long down to fling. (ring,
The King, whose Wisdome through the world did
Did heare the cause of two offending Harlots;
So, I beseech thee (Great) great Britaines King,
To do the like for two contending Varlots.
A brace of Knaves your Majestie implores,
To heare their suites as Solomon heard Whores.

D 2

A

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

A Ribble-Rabble of Gossips.

THE space of a fortnight from the Bear-baiting, two houres and a halfe from the Wind-mill, about foure of the Clocke in the forenoone, a little after supper in the morning, betweene old mother *Maudlin*, of the Parish of *Ideots*, Plaintiffe, of the one party, and *Gossip Gillian*, of Gossips Hall, in the Parish of *Twattlebourgh*, of the other party, Defendant. A matter in Controversie depending of issues, whereupon it was consulted by the right reverend Matron, Madam *Isabel*, that *Katharine* should go no more a Maying with *Susan* in the coole of the Evening, before Sun-rising, whereupon *Lister* tooke the matter in snuffe, and swore by the crosse of *Anaries* Bugle-bow, that *Ione* should jogge to *Nans* house to borrow her pocking sticke: upon this *Philiday* starts up very jeparately and commands *Marget* to make haste to *Rachels* house, and borrow a dozen of left handed spoones:

Long and short Tales.

spoones : now old *Sibill* all this while fate mumping like a Gib-Cat, and on the sudden she starts up, and thrusts *Charity* out of doores, to take up her lodging where shee could get it ; *Doll* being much offended to see *Marget* invited to *Precillaes* wedding, by no meanes could suffer *Abigaile* to breake her fast before she got Viſtuals ; preſently *Betirice* whiſpers *Cicily* in the eare ſoftly, that all the company heard it, and bad her tell *Alice*, that unleſſe ſhe took heed, the pot would run over, and the fat lie in the fire ; at this *Mary* clap'd her hands together, and entreats *Blanch* to tell her Cozen *Edith*, how ſhe ſhould ſay that *Luce* ſhould ſay, that *Elizabeth* ſhould do the thing ſhe wots of. *Amy* hearing all this with a judiciall underſtanding capacity, at laſt tels *Parnell*, that her daughter *Rebecka* was gone to lie at her Aunt *Chriſtians* houſe in Shooing-horne Alley. Now in the heat of all this buſineſſe, *Barbara* tels *Frances* how there is good Ale at the *Labour-in-vaine* : the matter being brought

D 3

to

Bulls, Mistakes, Clenches,

to this passe, *Winifrid* sayes that her god-daughter *Grace*, is newly brought, (God blesse the child) and that *Constance* the Comfit-makers wife, at the signe of the Spiders leg, must be Gossip; out alas sayes *Temperance*, what have I forgot, I should have been an houre agoe at *Prudences* the Laundresse, to have taken measure of a paire of Cuffes for her Maid *Dorcas*: Now to conclude the businesse, *Martha* protests that she will never trust *Thomasin* againe while she lives, because she promised to meet her at *Pimlico*, and bring her neighbour *Bethya* with her, and came not. Neverthelesse *Faith* went to mother *Red-Caps*, & by the way met with *Ioyce*, who verily kindly batled her peny wth her at a fat Pig. Well quoth *Sara*, all this wind shakes no corn, and I should have bin a starching Mistresse *Mercies* Lawne Apron, and like a good Huswife I am prating heere. Neighbours and friends, quoth *Arabella*, seeing the matter drawes toward so good a conclusion, let's een have the tother Pint before

Long and short Tales.

fore we go ; truly sayes *Iane*, the motion is not to be misliked, what say you Gossip *Vrsula* truly sayes *Ellin*, I would go with you with all my heart, but I promise to meet *Lydia* at a Lecture that we might take a neighbourly nap together. Upon this rose a hurly-burly, that the whole assembly dispersed themselves divers wayes, some one way, some another, and in conclusion, the businesse was all wisely ended as it was begun.

D 4

A



A Beare.

*Beare and forbear, I now speake of the Beare,
And therefore (Reader) give, or lend an Eare.*

First therefore, in much briefenesse I am rendring
Where, and how *Beares* have breeding and en-
Some are *Offean*, some are *Callidonian*, (gendring,
Some *Æremanthian Beares*, and some *Æmonian*,
Some rugged *Russians*, some Sun-burnt *Numidians*,
And lastly, the white swimming *Beares*, (*Amphi-*
Some do affirme a *Beare* to be a creature, (*bians*)
Whelp'd like a lump, with neither shape or feature,
Untill the Damme doth licke it into fashion,
And makes the lump a *Beare* in transformation.
As Taylors with their precious wisdomes Tallants,
Do licke, and Metamorphose Gulls to Gallantt.
Whereby a fashion oft is shap'd (by chance)
Out of an ill-bread lumpe of ignorance.
But for the Beare he keepes his shape most constant,
The Taylor (and his creatures) change each instant,
The Beare keepes still, the fashion he brought hither,
The gallant Gull's inconstant, like Weather.

A

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

A *Beare's* a temperate Beast, most free from riot,
A prudent Schoolmaster, of sparing dyet,
Hee'le live foure moneths from every kind of meat,
By sucking of his left foot, like a Teat.
Which is an abstinence that doth require,
More then the fast of a Carthusian Fryer,
No Capuchin, or immur'd Anchorite,
Did never (so much) curbe his Appetite.
And as *Beares* suffer hunger, I am sure,
No beast created, doth more cold endure :
When fridged *Boreas* blustering blasts do blow,
Mid't Rocks, of hoary Ice, and hills of Snow,
The worst of Winters sharp extremity,
The hardy *Beare*, abides most constantly.
And in hot Africke, and the Libian Coast,
Where Phæbus flames doth seeme the world to Roast:
Where Negro Moores, are dride and blackly dide,
That heat (excessive) there the Beare doth hide.
So that with hunger, heat, and pinching cold,
The Beares extremities are manifold.
Being growne unto Maturity and strength,
And having hither past the seas, at length,
At *Beare-Garden*, (a sweet Rotuntious Colledge)
Hee's taught the Rudiments of Art and knowledge.
There doth he learne to dance, and (gravely grum-
To fight & to be Active (bravely tumbling) (bling)
To practise wards, and postures, to and fro,
To guard himselfe, and to offend his foe ;

Upon

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Upon his hind feet, Tipto ftiffe to ftand,
And cuffe a Dog off with his foot-like hand ;
And afterwards (for recreations fake)
Practife to run the Ring about the ftake.
Whilst fhewts, and Maftives mouthes do fill the fky
That fure *Acteon* ne're had fuch a cry.
Thus *Beares* do please the hearing and the fight,
And fure their fent will any man invite :
For whofoer'e spends moft, fhall finde this favour,
That by the Beares and Dogs, hee's made a favour.
And as a Common-wealth, (oft by Ill-willers)
Is vex'd by prowling Knaves, and Caterpillars,
So is a *Beare* (which is a quiet Beaft)
By Curre and Mungrels, oftentimes opprest.
And tyde to what he doth hee's bound to fee,
The beft and worft of all their cruelty. (for't,
And for mens monies, what fhift ere they make
What ere is laid or paid, the *Beare's* at ftake for't.
Though he be hardly drawne to't 'gainft his will,
Hee's bound to fee and beare, and bide much ill ;
Besides the baiting of a *Beare* is rare,
Unlike the baiting of a Horfe or Mare :
The Horfe hath Provender, and Hey for Bait,
And doth in peace and quiet eate his meat ;
When as the *Beare*, is Tugg'd, Lugg'd, Bit & Beaten
And eates no Bait, but likely to be Eaten.
A *Beare* is like a Watchman by his coat,
He weares a Rugge-Gowne alwayes (if you note,) And

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

And (like a Watchman) oft a *Beare* will be
As mannerly, and watch as well as he.
And as a grumbling Officer may weare
A Collor and a Chaine, so doth a *Beare*.
'Tis writ by Authors (Philosophicall)
How that a Beare is usefull, Physicall,
For Agues, and hot Feavers, take his haire,
His Greace (or Lard) will aking Limbes repaire :
His Marrow strengthens, (if you do annoint)
Shrunk Sinewes, Nerves, or an enfeebled joint,
The oyle boyl'd from his feet will operate
The Gowtes tormenting much to mitigate,
And when man's in consumption, like to pine,
The *Bears* pith's good, that grows amidst his Chine.
A *Beares* skin Tann'd it'h haire, is for a bed
Better then Blanquet, Rugg, or Coverled.
A *Beares* Teeth, Painters in high price do hold,
To make them Instruments to gild with gold,
And for his Furre it is such ex'lent stuffe,
That Many a Lady weares it in a Muffe ;
Dry a *Beares* Liver, and to Powder beat it,
And let a Maid of forty five yeares eat it ;
Although a thousand false Knaves would deceive her
Yet she shall keep her Maidenhead for ever.
Thus having shew'd of *Beares* their fundry bree-
Their formes, their admirable sparing feeding: (ding
Their patience, courage, temperance, fortitude,
And many vertues that have them endu'd,

For

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

For feare I fhould mens patience much offend,
Ile give one fhort touch more and make an end.
Then for the further honour of the Beares,
They (with the ftars) are mounted in their Sphears:
There *Vrfa Major* in the firmament,
Is ftellifide, a glorious ornament,
And there, the little Beare, (a ftarre more finer)
Is call'd *Artophilax*, or *Vrfa Minor*,
And who fo reads the fecond part of *Ovid*,
There fhall they finde (what here is writ) approved.
Now once againe, pray lend your eyes and eares,
Ile write of baiting of the Bulls and Beares.
It is a Game fo ancient, that I wot
Records can fcarce fhew when we usde it not.
Except now, in thefe sad infectious times,
That heav'ns juft hand doth plague us for our
The Game is by authority fuppreft; (crimes,
And Beares, and Bulls, and Dogs, have too much reft,
Through want of baiting growne to fuch a ftaine,
(Hard to be tam'd, or brought in frame againe)
Almost all mad for want of exercife,
Filling, the Aire with roaring and with cries,
That thofe who neer the Bear-Garden are dwelling
Do heare fuch bellowing, bawling, yawling, yelling,
As if *Hell* were broake loofe, or (truth to fpeake)
The *Devils* at foot ball were on *Barley-breake*.
There's three couragious *Bulls*, as ever plaid,
Twenty good Beares, as er'e to ftake was taid.

And

Bull, Beare, and, Horfe, &c.

And feventy Maftives of fuch Breed and Races,
That from fierce Lions will not turne their faces ;
A male and female Ape (kinde Jacke and Jugge,
Who with fweet complement do kiffe and hugge,
And laftly there is Jacke an Apes his Horfe,
A Beaft of fiery fortitude and force.
As for the Game I boldly dare relate,
'Tis not for Boyes, or fooles effeminate,
For whofo'ere comes thither, moft and leaft,
May fee and learne fome courage from a Beaft :
And 'tis not only a bafe Rabble Crew,
That thither comes, It may be proved true,
That to the *Beare-Garden* comes now and than,
Some Gamefters worth ten thoufand pounds a man.
For rough behaviour that's no great difgrace,
There's more horf-play us'd at each deere horf-race,
More heads, or legs, or necks, are broake each day,
At Cards, Dice, Tables, Bowles, or foot-ball-play.
The Game hath been maintain'd, and will, we hope
Be fo againe (now favour gives it fcope)
For Kings, for Princes, for Ambaffadors,
Both for our Countrymen, and forreigners.
Which hath been held, a Royalty and Game,
And (though ecclips'd) will be againe the fame.
But now (to make an end) muft be explain'd,
How it the name of *Paris-Garden* gain'd :
The name of it was from a Royall Boy,
(Brave *Illions* fire-brand, wracke and facke of *Troy*)
Paris

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Paris (King *Priams* sonne) a sucking child,
Was throwne away into the woods so wilde,
There that young Prince was cast to live or perish,
And there a *Bear* with sucke, the babe did cherish;
And as a rare memoriall of the same,
From *Paris*, *Paris-Garden* hath the name.
Those that will not beleieve it, let them go
To *France*, in *Paris*, they may find it so,
Or if not there, let them looke narrowly,
In *Mathew Paris* famous History.
And that we have obtain'd againe the Game,
Our *Paris-Garden* Flag proclaimes the same.
Our *Beares*, and *Bulls*, and *Dogs* in former state,
The streets of *London* do perambulate,
And honest sport, and lawfull merriment,
Shall thrice a weeke be shew'd, to give content.

Heere



Heere follows the Names of the
Bulls and *Beares* at the *Beare-*
Garden now.

The *Bulls* are,

- 1 *Goldilocks.*
 - 2 *Emperour.*
 - 3 *Dash.*
 - 4 *Iugler.*
-

The *Beares* are,

- 1 *Ned of Canterbury.*
- 2 *George of Cambridge.*
- 3 *Don Iohn.*
- 4 *Ben Hunt.*
- 5 *Nan Stiles.*
- 6 *Beefe of Ipswich.*
- 7 *Robin Hood.*
- 8 *Blind Robin.*

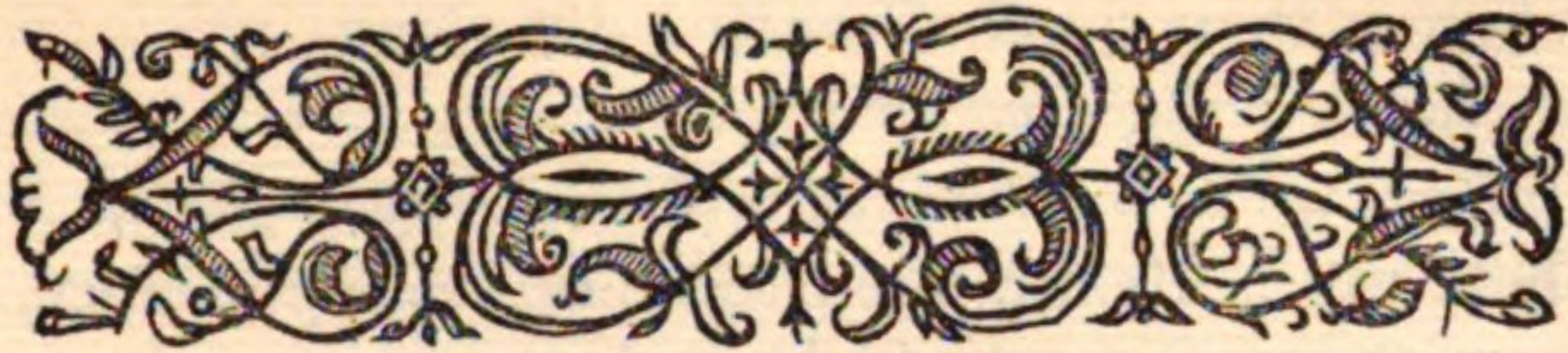
9lu-

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

- 9 *Iudith of Cambridge.*
- 10 *Besse Hill.*
- 11 *Kate of Kent.*
- 12 *Rose of Bedlam.*
- 13 *Nan Talbot.*
- 14 *Mall Cut-purse.*
- 15 *Nell of Holland.*
- 16 *Mad Besse*
- 17 *Will Tookey* } *two white Beares.*
- 18 *Besse Runner.*
- 19 *Tom Dogged.*

If any will have one of these, or some,
Or all, let them to our *Beare-Garden* come :
These beasts are for their service bound & tide,
And there their pleasures may be satisfide.

Vpon



Vpon the goodnesse of a wor-
thinesse of Horfes, with a merry
touch of the *Beare-Garden* Palfrey
or Jacke-an-Apes his Horfe.

MY Muse is Mounted 'twixt the soaring wings
Of *Pegasus*, who bravely flies and flings
Through ayre, through clouds, through sun-shine, &
Each earthly Regions Rare Varieties. (descries
The numbers infinite, of sundry creatures,
Their strange diversity in formes and Natures,
And as in gliding flight, I swiftly soare
Or'e Sun-burnt *Africke*, and the *Libian* shore,
There (with much pleasure) I did cast mine eye
Upon the well-made *Horfe* of *Barbarie*,
And crossing or'e the *Mediterran* Maine,
I saw the prauncing Jennet of proud *Spaine*,
Straight the *Iberian* fume of *Aristippus*,
Hurl'd us to *Greece*, and their I view'd their *Hippos*.
E Then

Bull, Beare, and Horſe, &c.

Then back or'e *Italy* amaine we flew,
Whereas their fierce *Cavallo* I did view,
In *Naples* I the *Courſer* brave eſpide,
Thence, we or'e *Almaine*, and low *Belgia* glide,
There my Muſe ſaw the bounding *Palfrey* Prance,
From thence my wing'd horſe bore me over *France*
There foaming fiery hot the gallant *Gaul*,
Did daunce Corantoes with his *Frenth Chevall*.
Then or'e *Hibernia*, we tooke ſpeedy flight,
And there the *Irish Hobby* pleas'd my ſight,
Then my *Pegaſian* wings began to flag,
I view'd the *English Steed*, and *Scottiſh Nag*.
And as the heat of blood my Beaſt inflames
He kick'd and threw me headlong into* *Thames*,
And as I fell, his hoofe beſtow'd a wince
Upon my pate, and there's the marke ere ſince.
The gentle River at my fall did grieve,
Set me on land ſafe, gave me meanes to live :
And *Pegaſus* inſpir'd me with his heele,
That ever ſince an itching vaine I feele,
Of ſprightfull Poefie, though not ſo well,
As men may ſay I therein do excell.
But I can do (as many more have done)
Bring Reames of Paper to confuſion.
Nor doth my Muſe rejoyce in merriments,
Drawne from wits forded obſceane excrements ;

* *Pegaſus caſt me off his backe, and I fell into the Thames, which
was the cauſe I ſerv'd an apprenticeship to be a Waterman.*

Ile

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Ile curbe her in, from meddling with the State,
Or libelling 'gainst men infortunate,
I meane to keep my eares upon my head,
And on mens miseries I scorne to tread.
I have observ'd no proud man ever yet,
Did any thing but ruine, and hatred get ;
I know obedience, and humilitie,
Is best with all belov'd tranquillitie,
I know the lawes guard me from mischiefes Jawes,
Which lawes I love, & those that made those lawes
Nor shall my lines (for things indifferent)
In Church or Common-wealth er'e make a rent.
Thus *Pegasus* did to *Pernassus* soare,
And on the *Thames* I got a healthfull Oare,
Which ofttimes I have us'd, and will againe,
Meane time Ile use the vigour of my braine,
As *Homer* writ the warres of *Mice* and *Frogs*,
So I (his Ape) do write of *Beares* and *Dogs* :
Of *Bulls*, and *Bulls* begot by word of mouth
Of *Horses*, and some Tales of age and youth,
And now my Muse againe begins to mount,
The *Horses* excellency to recount,
You famous Palfreyes of the flaming *Sunne*,
(That scorn'd the management of *Phaeton*)
Who with the heat of *Sol's* bright Axelltree
Caus'd all this under world on fire to be ;
(I know the morall meaning of the fame,
Is, man should not beyond true reason ayme.)

E 2

Let

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Let *Eous*, *Phlegon*, *Æthon*, and *Piruis*,
Apolloes golden Teame Affist my Muse,
But 'tis no matter, keepe your daily course,
Without your aide my wit is nere the worfe ;
Whilst you are reeking with celestiaall sweat
I, of Terrestriall *Horfes* meane to treat.
A *Horfe* (of all the Beasts beneath the skie)
Is best, and most for mans commodity :
His exact making gives the eye delight,
A body brave, lin'd with a noble sprite,
And though he knew no reson, or a mind,
Yet unto man hee's tractably enclin'd,
In dangerous war, the *Horfe* the brunt doth carry,
Where every Rider seemes a *Sagitary*,
In peace, a *Horfe* for state, for Tilt or Tourney,
For quicke dispatch, or ease in any journey,
For pleasure, carriage, and for husbandry,
The *Horfe* doth furnish our necessity.
The poorest *Horfe* that is, or ever was,
Doth much more service then the golden Asse,
Thats deck'd with borrowed trappings, yet such
Advance audaciously their brainlesse Crests, (beasts,
Neere where the Princely Lyon doth resort,
And there in pride and sensuall lust do snort,
Yet can they not outstrip all beasts so farr,
But Wisdomes eye perceives them what they are.
The hunting *Horfe* is of good use for pleasure.
The Sumpter *Horfe* doth understand the treasure.

The

Bull, Beare, and, Horfe, &c.

The Mill-horfe hath an endleffe journey (round)
The Pack-horfe overladen meafures ground,
The Mare and Gelding ferves our bufineffe well,
Whilst (for poore Hackneyes) *England* is a Hell.
And what's a Horfes gaine for all his paine,
But bread, graffe, hay, oats, or fuch kind of Graine,
That is the *summum bonum*, he defires, (tyres.
Through want of which there's many a good Horfe
I have feene Gallants (three parts drunke almoft)
*Ride, as they meant to fee the Devill in poft,
And when they to their journies end have come,
Their horfes mucky wet, with fweat and foame,
The Riders fall unto their drinking vaine,
The Oftler walkes the Horfe a turne or twaine,
Their jawes tyde up unto the empty Racke,
The whilst their Riders smoake, and swallow fack,
Quaffes, capers, fings a Katch, a round, or Ditty,
And leaves the Horfe unto the Hoftlers pittie,
And fo the jades of meat do get fuch ftore,
As *Lazarus* once had at the Gluttons dore.
Thus many a good Horfe proves a jade indeed
Being over rid, and want whereon to feed,
All thofe that to a beaft beares fuch a mind,
I wifh them all fo ferved in their kind.
There's many wayes, mens barbarous cruelty,
Doth caufe difeafes multiplicity
To be in Horfes, and the damned Trade
To fell a Botch'd fophifticated jade,

* *The bad ufage of unconfcionable riders to horfes.*

E 3

In

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

In* Smithfield is in praetise twice a weeke,
He that beleeves me not, let him go seeke.
There shall he see the ambler made to trot,
The lame and founderd, lusty, (being hot)
The trotter shall be forc'd with ease to amble,
And through the horsemarket shall be such scramble
With galloping, and trotting, ambling, pacing,
Most odious swearing, lying, and out-facing,
Such dawbing horses griefes with counterfeiting,
That hee's a cuuning buyer scapes their cheating.
In ancient times, horses much fame did gaine,
Which Poets and Historians do maintaine :
Besides the swift skie-scalding *Pegasus*,
Great *Alexander* had *Bucephalus*,
Reinoldo had his *Bayard*, and there are,
Names giv'n to horses, both in peace and war.
But leaving stately horses, it is found†
The *Bear-garden* is circular, or rovnd,
Where *Iack-an-Apes* his horse doth swiftly run
His circuit, like the horses of the Snn.
And quicke as lightning, his will trace and track,
Making that endlesse round his Zodiacke,
Which *Iacke* (his Rider) bravely rides a straddle,
And in his hot Careere perfumes the saddle ;

* Much cheating in Smithfield, in buying and selling
Horses.

† Vpon the Bearegarden Horse.

Hee's

Bull, Beare, and Horfe, &c.

Hee's active, and hee's passive in his pace,
And sprung from ancient and approved race,
His grandsires grandfire, was begot perforce,
Between the *Night-mare*, and the *Trojan Horfe*,
That female Horfe of *Sinon*, in whose wombe
A hundred well-arm'd mad Colts had their roome,
W^{ch} being foald, spoild *Troy*, with sword & flame,
And from that Jade, our jade descent doth claime,
For (as his parents oft have done before)
He alvwayes keepes a jadish tricke in store.

F J N J S.

1638.

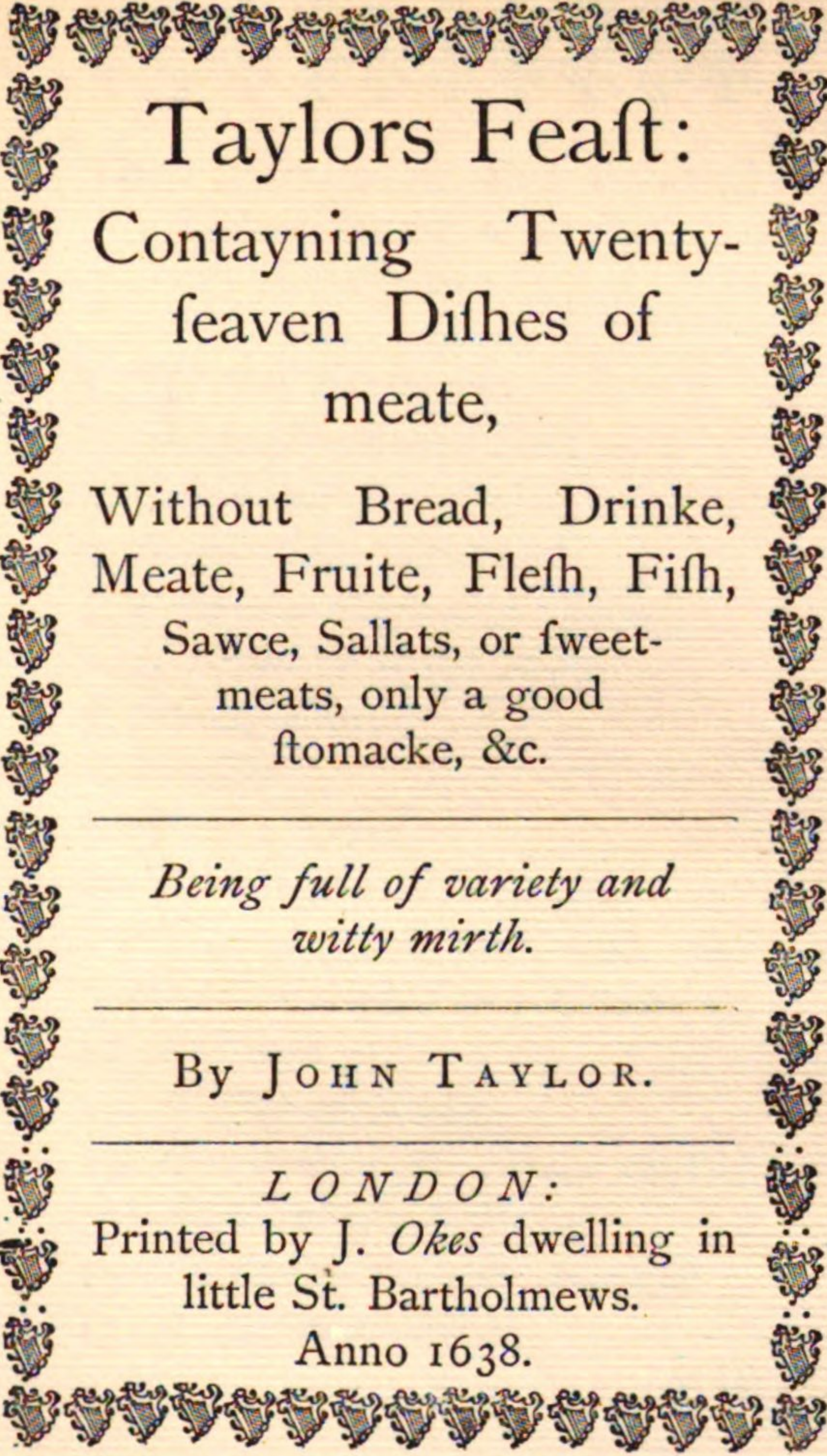
Taylors Feast.

[HAZLITT, No. 61.]

1801

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Taylors Feast:

Contayning Twenty-
seaven Dishes of
meate,

Without Bread, Drinke,
Meate, Fruite, Flesh, Fish,
Sawce, Sallats, or sweet-
meats, only a good
stomacke, &c.

*Being full of variety and
witty mirth.*

By JOHN TAYLOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Okes dwelling in
little St. Bartholmews.

Anno 1638.



The Names of the severall
Dishes served in at this
Feast.

1. **T**HE Invitation.
2. Bread and Salt.
3. Great and Small Oysters.
4. Brawne and Mustard.
5. Powderd Beefe and Cabbage.
6. A Chine of Roast Beefe.
7. Strong Beere.
8. Venison.
9. Wine Clarret.
10. Puddings and sawsages.
11. Two Pigges, one raw, and
the other roasted in a Cloak-bag.
12. A Goose.
13. A Cup of Sacke.
14. A couple of fat Ducks roasted.
15. A cup of small Beere.
16. Twelve Woodcocks in a dish.
17. A Loyne of Veale.

A 3 18. A

The Table.

18. *A Custard.*
 19. *A whole Sturgeon like an old Colt.*
 20. *A fresh Salmon.*
 21. *Sixe six-penny Mutton-pyes to make up the Feast.*
 22. *A Pudding-pye.*
 23. *A Foole.*
 24. *Cheese.*
 25. *A Posset.*
 26. *Musicke.*
 27. *One hundred Faggots to warme the Guests, and dresse the meate.*
-

Taylors



Taylors Feast,
 Contayning Twenty
 seaven Disshes, without
 Bread, Drinke, Meate, Fruite,
 Flesh, Fish, Sawce, Sallats,
 or Sweet-meates.

The Invitation.



First I would have my
 Guests understand this
 point of modesty, not to
 presume to come unto my Feast
 without bidding, except they
 bring stooles with them (as un-
 bidden Guests should do.

Secondly, I observe a Rule of
 the *Italian* (which is now of late
 in great use in *England*) which is
 to invite a man most earnestly to
 Dinner or Supper, hoping hee or

A 4

they

2 *Taylors Feast.*

they that are so invited, will have more manners then to come: But if they do come, then the Inviters doe esteeme the Guests unmannerly, and that they want good and gentile breeding.

Thirdly, I would have none but such as have the gift of Abstinence and Fasting to come to my Feast, for my House stands (as other Gentlemens houses do) in a very wholesome and hungry Ayre, that shall not take away any mans Appetite, but allowing every man to depart with a good stomacke to his meate, (when he hath it) which is an apparant and infallible signe of health.

Lastly, as many as please to come over my House any Morning, shall be very welcome to breake their Faces before they goe: Or if the greatest enemy I
have

Taylors Feast. 3

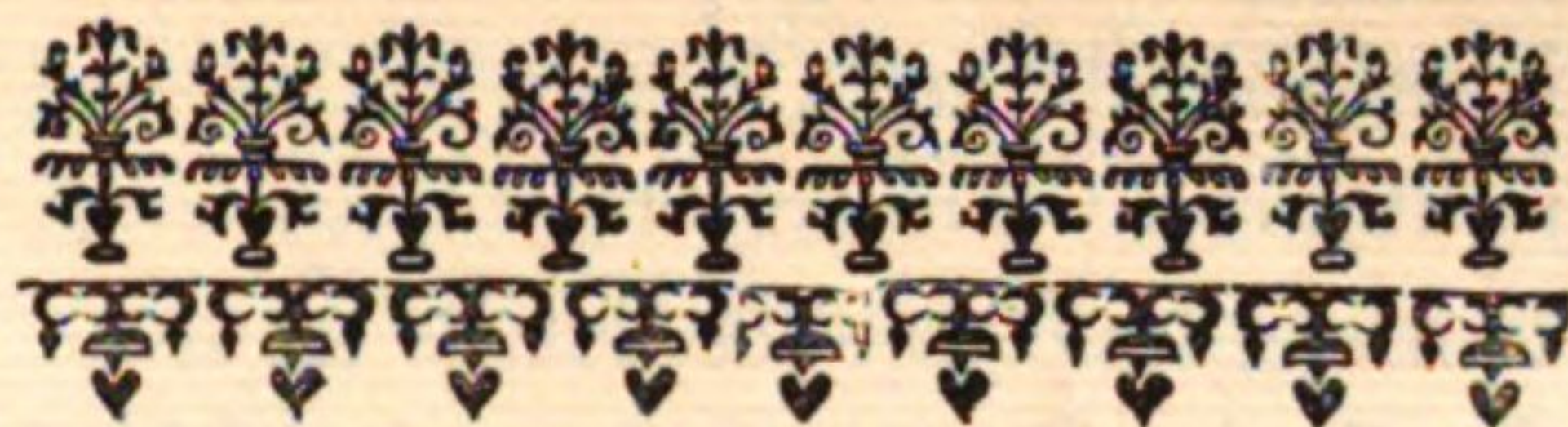
have doe ride within a Mile or two of my Dwelling, let him or they make bold to stay there a Moneth (if they please) and take such as they finde and welcome, for I will be but at ordinary or small charge in providing.

Now Gentlemen Readers, or all of what degree so ever, that doe read this, I pray you all to take notice that you are my Guests, for the entertainment and Dyet you are like to have, I pray take it in good part, washing is costly, and Soape is deare, therefore I will not have any Table-cloath, or Napkin fould, for you shall have no occasion to wash your hands, licke your lipps or fingers, nor shall you neede to make use of a Tooth-picke, you shall have no cause to draw Knives, neither shall here be any carving of either the wing
of

4 *Taylor's Feast.*

of a Coney, or the fore-legge of a Capon: heere is no troublesome shifting of Trenchers or Platters, nor exception for the highest place at the Board, for the Dyet is a like in all places of the Table, (and to avoyde Pride and emulation) I have caused it to be made and fram'd, neither long or short, or middle size, square, round, or ovall; and so you are all welcome unto my *Tantalian* Feast, which is drest without Kettle, Pot, or Spit, Dripping-pan, Frying-pan, Ladle, Scummer, Cooke, Scullion, Jacke, or Turne-broach: So now at the first-sight you may perceive bread and salt, which is first placed upon every mans table, and so likewise at my Feast, and so in good order you shall finde the rest of the Feast follow in their due course and order.

2. *Bread*



2. *Bread and Salt.*

BRead and Salt are the first
Ushers to the Feast. The Ana-
gram of Bread, is Beard or Bared,
and though Salt come in with the
first, yet Salt Anagrammatiz'd
is Last; which signifies that Bread
and Salt should be the first brought
in to a Table, and last Bared and
carried away. But my Bread is
not for every mans tooth, it not
being made of Wheate, Rie, Bar-
ley, Oates, Mescellin, Beanes,
Pease, or any Graine, Pulse, or
Roote whatsoever. It is neither
dough Baked, Baked dough, or
burnt in the Oven, neither leave-
ned or unleavened, nor any yeast,
Barme,

6 *Taylors Feast.*

Barme, or Rising put into it, (for it might fill my Guests with wind in stead of puffing them up with vaine glory.) It hath neyther Cruft or Crum, nor is it chip'd or unchip'd; for the colour and fineneffe of it is neyther White, Wheaten, Raunged, or Browne: it is neither in the fhape of Loafe, Rowle, Cake, Bunne, Wig, Manchet, Rufke, Bannock, Jannock, Symnell, or bread-pye, nor is it Cheat-bread, for it fhall fatisfie every man as much as hee looks for: if it bee diftaftfull unto any, let him dippe it in the Salt, and it will be favoury prefently.

3. *Great*

Taylors Feast. 9

3. *Great and small Oysters.*

MY *Bawdy Boy*, having thus procur'd Faggots, yet hee'l not be idle, but for your better content, the same Tyde hee will fit you with two Bushels of great and small Oysters; for before hee had rowed foure miles, he over-tooke a Katch that was swimming up towards *London* loaden with Oysters. Well overtaken Katch-man sayes one, Gramercy Water-man said the other; wilt thou buy 100. of Faggots, said *Bawdy Boy*? I know not what to doe with them said the other; but yet I care not if I give thee a Crowne for them: *Bawdy Boy* reply'd, I was glad (quoth hee) to take them for part of a desperate Debt, for where I had them, I could get no money, and my
house

8 *Taylor's Feast.*

house is little, so that I want
roome to lay them in, which is
the cause that makes me to sell
them to thee at so cheape a rate.
The match being thus made, the
Faggots were delivered into the
Katch, and the five shillings was
paid to the Water-man, who pre-
sently demanded of the Katch-
man if his Oysters were good?
who answer'd, that his great ones
were at fixe shillings the Bushell,
(water-measure) and his small
ones at two shillings the Bushell:
Bawdy Boy said, thou hast be-
towed thy money with me for
Faggots, and I will leave it a-
gaine with thee for Oysters; I
will give thee a Crowne for a
Bushell of the great, and two
shillings for the small: all parties
being agreed, the Oysters were
measur'd, and throwne into the
Boate: I pray thee Katch-man
said

Taylor's Feast. 9

faid *Bawdy Boy*, give me one great Oyster or two into the bargain, which whilst the Katch-man was reaching, the other put off his Boate, and rowed away : The one call'd ho Water-man, thou hast not payd me for my Oysters, the other faid, you lye Katchman, you have Faggots for your Oysters ; the other reply'd, thou hast money for thy Faggots, the other answer'd, thou hast Faggots for thy Oysters, and for thy money both, and thou art an ignorant fellow, that know'st not how to reckon right : So away rowed he, and I pray Gentlemen fall to your Oysters.

4. *A*

4. *A Collier of Brawne.*

W*ill Baxted*, a late well
 knowne fine Comedi-
 an, went in a Mor-
 ning, on one of the
 Twelve dayes in *Christmas* time,
 upon occasion of businesse to
 speake with an old rich miserable
 House-keeper, and having done
 what he came for, hee tooke his
 leave, leaving the old man in his
 Chamber: but as hee was going
 out of the doores, he said to the
 Fellow that let him out, My
 Friend, is not this *Christmas*
 time? Yes that it is said the other;
 then

Taylor's Feast. 11

then sayd *Baxted*, will not your Master bee angry if I doe goe away and not drinke? the Fellow said, no sure, I thinke he will not be offended at all for such a small fault: O but (quoth *Baxted*) it is good to be sure, and I am loth you should have any ill will for my sake, therefore I pray you, aske your Master if he will not be angry with you, if I doe goe away before I drinke: Sir, sayd the fellow, I will not aske him such a question, but I will make you drinke without his knowledge. So into a Celler they went, and strong Beere was drawne in a Horne-cup, and as *Baxted* was drinking, the Master of the house knockt, and call'd, and whistl'd for his man as if hee had beene mad, so that the fellow was faine to leave *Baxted* in the Celler, and run up staires in haste to his Master.

12 *Taylors Feast.*

fter, who angrily said, (Sirrha) where have you beene? and what is the reason that I have knock't, and bounc'd so long for you? Sir (sayd the servant) I was giving a cup of Beere in the Celler to the Player that was with you: How, said the Master, thou idle wastfull knave, doe I keepe a Tap-house or Ordinary for every companion to tipple in? I'll make thee know it is not my Disposition, nor is it for my Reputation or profit. Truly Sir, said the Fellow, I could not chuse but make him drinke for shame, hee spake such words that mov'd me so; and with that he told his Master what *Baxted* said, and that he had left him in the Celler alone: A Rope on him said the Old man, I will goe to him, and bid him welcome, (though but with an ill will) the mad knave will jeere
me

Taylors Feast. 13

me else. So he went to the Celler, where finding *Baxted*, hee said, you are welcome, and I thanke my man for having so much manners as to entertaine you; for my head was full of bu-
fineffe, and so I drinke to you good Mr. *Baxted*, and I pray you what say you to a slice of a Coller of Brawne and Mustard this Morning? O sir, sayd hee, I would not say any thing at all to it if I had it; truely Mr. *Baxted* (said he) and you shall have it; so with an ill will he sent his man for it, who brought into the Celler a goodly Coller of Brawne, whole and uncut, *Baxted* knowing the Riches of the man, and the miserable poverty of his minde, drew forth his knife, with a full resolution to take the Coller lower, though the anger were ray-

B 2

fed

14 *Taylers Feast.*

fed the higher, so with a desperate acute stomacke hee cut out a peece as bigge as a Penny-loafe on the top of the Brawne, which he presently consumed, and more for roagery than hunger: in the meane space the sight of the Brawnes demolishing vext the Old man: But *Baxted* persisting twixt Jeast and Coller, gave it the second cut in the other side on the top, so that it look'd forked like the Signe of the Myter; at which the Old man could no longer hold, or contayne himselfe from speaking, saying, Master *Baxted*, are you married sir? No sir quoth he, I am single, and I keepe no house; the other said, I thought so by your cutting of Brawne, for I doe thinke you doe neither know the price of such a Coller, or what belongs unto it. *Baxted* answered him,
Sir,

Taylors Feast. 15

Sir, indeed for the price I neither know, nor care for, but yet I doe know what belongs to it, which is a cup of Muskadell, if I could get it. So the old Mizer was faine to send his man to the Taverne for halfe a Pinte of Muskadell, to wash downe *Baxteds* Brawne, who was no sooner gone, but the old man in a rage gave his man warning to provide him another Master, for hee would keepe no such riotting knaves that would entertaine such bold Guests.

5. *Powdered Beefe and Cabbage,
and a messe of Mustard.*

A Water-man (now living) named *Gilford*, dwelt on the Bank-side, and comming home to his Dinner, which was Beefe and Cabbage, of which hee had

B 3

made

16 *Taylors Feast.*

made pottage, hee prayed his wife to make haste, and take it off the Fire, that hee might quickly dine, and bee gone; and whilst the woman was reaching a Porringer and Platter, a Cur-dog came into the house, lifted up his legge, and pist in the Porridge-pot amongst the meate and Cabbage, which the man perceiving told his Wife, and catch'd the dogge, and almost beate him to death: but the woman intreated her Husband to eate his Dinner, for it should bee never the worse, when she had strayned the Pottage through a cleane cloath, but all her perswasions could not make him eate.

Mustard.

THree Gentlemen of the ancient race of *Redshanks*, (now called *Highland-men*, because they

Taylors Feast. 17

they inhabite in the Mountay-
nous parts of the North of *Scot-*
land) these three having occasi-
ons to come into *England*, being
at their Inne, had to their Din-
ner a peece of powderd Beefe and
Mustard: now neither of them
had never seene Mustard before,
wherefore one of them deman-
ded what Deelee it was? the Host
answered, that it was good
sawce for their meate; Sawce said
the other? it hath an ill looke, I
pray let me see you eat some first;
then the Host took a bit of Beefe,
and dipt it in the Mustard, & did
eate it: the Highland-man pre-
sently tooke his meat and rowl'd
it in the Mustard, and began to
chaw, but it was so strong, that it
was no sooner in his mouth, but
it set him a snuffing and neefing,
that he told his Friends, (*Ducan*
and *Donald*) that hee was flaine

B 4

with

18 *Taylors Feast.*

with the grey Grewell in the wee-dish; he bid them draw their Whineards, and sticke the false Lowne, (their Host) hee pray'd them to remember his last love to his wife and Barnes, and withall to have a care to beware of the grey grewell, for the Deelee was in't. But after the force of the Mustard was spent, the Gentleman left neeing, all was pacified, mine Host was pardoned, and Mustard was good sawce for powderd Beefe.

6. *A Chyne of Beefe roasted.*

A Faire Chyne of Beefe was once given to Mr. *Iohn Fletcher*, (the Poet) he pray'd his Hostesse, (being an old woman neere the Bank-side, where he lodged) to salt it well seven or eight daies,
and

and he would invite some friends to the eating of it: the day being come, and the Chine at the Fire, the Woman had not played the Hufwife so well in salting of it, but that it had taken Ayre, and entertain'd more Tenants than were welcome: but after it had beene three houres at the fire, Master *Fletcher* had a minde to have a slice hot from the spit, and for that purpose came downe from his Chamber, drew his Knife, and cut; and as hee cut, hee espyed Maggots drop out, at which hee was angry, but suffering the Spit to goe about, hee cut on the other side, and found it worse: Whereupon *Fletcher* being alone, (for the Woman was gone forth, and left the Jacke to looke to the Spit) was

20 *Taylor's Feast.*

was so enraged, that hee tooke the spit up, and setting his foot against the meate, footed it off, and threw it into a muddy ditch on the other side of the way, and putting the Spit into the Jackerope againe, went up to his Chamber againe in a chafe: the old woman suddainly comming in, and seeing the meate gone, was amazed, and stept into the streete, and asked some of her neighbours, if they saw any body goe into her house? one made answer, that Mr. *Fletcher* went over to the Ditch, and backe againe, but he saw no body else; then the woman went to see, and she perceived the mudde was newly inclosed over something that had beene cast therein lately: So she fetcht a Rake, and raked the Beefe out of the ditch, put it under a Pumpe, and with a wispe,

Taylor's Feast. 21

wispe, ashes, and sand, wash'd and scower'd it, so that all the Gentiles in it were confounded, then to the Spit she put it againe, winds up the Jacke, which made a noise in his language *whir, whir*; which Mr. *Fletcher* hearing, muffled what was provided for Dinner for his Guests and himselfe; the old woman being gone into her back-side, *Fletcher* stole softly downe the stayres, and peeping towards the fire, saw the Chine a roasting the second time, at which amazement hee blest himselfe, saying, *Art thou crawl'd thither againe, thou shalt never be remov'd for me againe*: so it was roasted, and gave good content to the Guests, but some of them said, it had taken winde.

Gentlemen, I doubt you have sate too long over your Beefe, and therefore a cup of Beere is not amisse,

22 *Taylors Feast.*

misse, and then you shall be furnish'd with some other Viands.

7. *Strong Beere.*

TWO Souldiers of old acquaintance, having beene long afunder, chanced to meete, and after salutations they agree'd to enter an Ale-house, where a formall fashionable Tapster fill'd them as much nicke and froath with Petars of Tobacco, as made them (in his estimation) to bee reckoned at two shillings; they fell to the discourse of their severall Fortunes and Services, the one of *Russia* and *Poland*, the other of *Germany* and *Sweaden*; they talk't of hunger and thirst, cold, and nakednesse, sieges, and assaults, Artillery, Ammunition, Guns, and Drummes, wounds, scarres, death,

Taylors Feast. 23

death, and all the perils incident to men of the Sword.

The Tapster over-hearing them, said, that they were the better welcome for being Souldiers, and that hee had beene one of that Martiall Traine himfelfe in the Low-countries, where (hee thank'd God) hee neither did harme, nor tooke any; the best was, that hee had learn'd so much wit that no man could couzen him: the Souldiers answer'd him, that his labour was worth his travell, in learning so much cunning, and so they paid their reckoning, and departed. They had not gone farre, but they met with another of their old acquaintance, (a cunning shark) to whom they told the bragging confidence of the Tapster: How said he, will he not be couzned? Tell mee where hee dwells,
and

24 *Taylors Feast.*

and goe you two and stay at a Taverne that's next him; and I will first be with him, and then come quickly to you.

The place being told, and the Taverne appointed, the witty Soldier went to the Tapster, and call'd for two Gunnes of Beere; Guns quoth the Tapster? Canns you would say; the other reply'd, I doe meane Cannes, but I have beene so us'd to Gunnes in the Warres, that I forget my selfe, and call every thing a Gunne: So the Beere was fill'd in, and drank, and the Tapster fill'd his Gunnes or Cannes by couples, which they dranke betweene them; then the Souldier said that hee saw a Tapster winne a Wager lately beyond beleefe; for he brought fixe Cannes of Beere from the Tap all full, in one hand, and set them on the Table, not spilling one drop;
Sir,

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Sir, said the Tapster, I dare to lay a Crowne that I can doe that, I will lay as much that you doe it not said the other; so the Wager was layd on the Boord, but whilst the Tapster was filling the Canes, the Souldier ran away with the money, and straight perceived for all his wit and cunning, yet was able to be couzned.

8. *Venison and Wine.*

A Gentleman dwelt two miles from a Market-towne, where (at a Taverne) hee caused some bottles of Wine to be fill'd to carry home, because he had invited some friends to his house to eat a Venison Pasty with him the next day: but his man and himselfe dranke so hard, that they forgot their Liquor, (I meane the Bottles.) The next day being
come,

26 *Taylor's Feast.*

come, and Dinner ready to bee laid on the Table, they remembered the Wine; so the Gentleman commanded his man to take a Horfe, (which was fadled in the Stable) and to ride for the Wine with all fpeed. Well, to Dinner they went, and the Serving-man to the Stable, the Pafly was opened, and to't they fell, and after an Houres time expecting the Wine, now fayd the Gentleman, methinks my man is riding hither in poft, I heare the horfe dafh; at which words the fellow entred: Hah well faid, art thou come faid the Master? we have ftay'd long, and thou haft made but flow fpeed; a poxe on't faid the Fellow, if I fhould bee hang'd I cannot finde the bridle.

10. *Pud-*

10. *Puddings and Sawfidges.*

THE Pudding and the Sawfidges will bee cold Gentlemen, if you doe not fall to, and then they will not be worth a fir-reverence; and methinks it is an easie peece of Logick, to prove a Pudding to bee a perpetuall motion, for it is alwayes moving

And as an Arrow, flies from Butt
to Butt,
So doth a Pudding poste, from
gut to gut.

S^{imon Wadle}, a Vintner, (that
once kept the Taverne neere
the *Temple-barre*, at the Signe of
Saint Dunstane) with some other
Vintners, had beene to taste and
buy Wines at the Merchants, and
having done their occasions, hap-
C pened

28 *Taylors Feast.*

pened into the three Tunnes at *Garlike-hithe*, where all the meate they could have on the fuddaine, was a pound of Sawfages; *Wadle* being hungry, had no great stomacke to have so many partners in so small a dish, and having an old rotten Tooth in his pocket, (which a Barbar in Fleet-streete had drawne from him the day before) hee secretly convey'd, and thrust the said Tooth into one of the Sawfages, which he himselfe first tooke into his hand; and after his associates had each one tasted a little, and began to bee quicke and nimble, *Wadle* snap'd his old tooth in his chaps, and pulling it forth, shewed it to the company; upon the sight whereof they were all struck with feare and amazement, beleeving by the Tooth, that the Sawfages had beene made of
Mans

Taylor's Feast. 29

Mans flesh : so they call'd for Sacke and Sallet-oyle , supposing they had beene poysoned ; but *Wadle* fell to with a good stomacke, saying that hee could be no worse poysoned with them than hee was : The man of the house vowed that the murderous Jade that made the Sawfages, should be burnt. But after *Wadle* had eaten up all, hee sent for the Barbar that drew the Tooth, and every man was presently cured , and the Sawfage-woman escaped burning.

II. *A Pigge.*

A Collier, neere *Croydon*, having loaden his Cart with Coales for *London*, a woman that dwelt neare him that was Nurse to a Marchants child of the City, desired the Collier to remember

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her

30 *Taylor's Feast.*

her humble service to her Maister and Mistresse, and to tell them (God be thanked) their Childe was well; and withall she intreated the Collier to carry them a live Pigge, (which she had put in a bag before the Colliers face:) The Collier tooke the bagge and made it fast upon the top of his Cart, and away came he. When hee came into *London* where hee should deliver his Coales, hee tooke the bagge with the Pigge, and tyed it under the Cart to one of the spoakes of the Wheele, and when hee had almost unloaden, a couple of Porters stood and perceived something moove in the bagge, did suppose it was a Pigge or a Goose, or some such creature, which they had borrowed upon some Common or high way, as they came by night: And whilst the Colliers
were

were busied, & absent in carriage, and emptying their Sackes, the Porters stole the Pigge out of the bagge, and put in a little cur dogge of their owne, making it fast as they found it, and away go they : The dogge impatient of his bondage, began to frig and fling, as he had been mad, that the Colliers said, the Divell was newly entred into the Pigge ; or else the Pig did presage that hee was neare his owne death. Wel, the Cart being empty, the Collier takes the dog-pigge, and carried it to the Marchant, delivering his Message (which was welcome) saying that he must carry the bag backe agen ; so hee went to a side Table, and opened it, and putting in his hand for a Pigge, the dogge bit him by the fingers ; a pox on yee dee bite, quoth he : what doth he bite ? quoth the Marchant, it

C 3

can

32 *Taylor's Feast.*

can not be, I will take him out my selfe, then the Marchant put his hand into the bag, and the dogge snapt him so currishly that hee fetcht blood of his fingers, at which hee was angry, and bid the Divell take the Collier and the Pigge both. At which the Marchants wife laughed, and cald them both fooles, and with that she tooke the bagge by the bottome, and shooke out the dogge: the dogge being amazed, (not knowing where hee was) turn'd round twice or thrice, and leapt over a Hatch, and away ran he home to pick the bones of the Pigge: the Collier hang'd down his Head all ashamed to looke upon the Marchant. The Marchant (standing with his fingers bleeding) very angerly asked the Collier that if hee had no body but hee to abuse, and play the knave

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knave withall, to bring him a dog instead of a Pigge : to whom the Collier replyd, and also affirm'd with an oath, that his intent was free from abusing him or any man else, and that it was a Pig in the morning. The Marchant swore it was a dogge, the Collier swore it was a Pig; and so much good may it doe you with your Pig.

A Pig miraculously roasted.

BUt a raw Pig is no mans meat, and therefore now you shall have one roasted, and strangely over-roasted. A Gentleman that dwelt about *Enfield* ten miles from *London*, had a Buffe, tough suite in Law, that had lasted him ten yeares, and every Terme hee sent his Counsellor a Pig, scalded and ready drest for the Spit: It fell so that at the beginning of a Mid-summer Terme : *Richard* the
Ser-

34 *Taylors Feast.*

Serving-man had the Pigge in a cloak-bag a Horfe-backe behind him, and as he was riding by *Totnam-high-crosse*, other Serving-men were there drinking at the signe of the Swan, who espied *Richard*, they cald him to make him drinke. *Richard* was glad to see his old acquaintance, and alighted, put his Horfe in the Stable, tooke off his cloak-bag, and layd it on the board, telling his friends of the Pigge, and that it was the fortieth Pig that he had carried in ten yeares from his master to a Lawyer. The company gave *Richard* the hearing, and with all one of them cunningly stole the Pig out of the cloak bag, and carried it into the Kitching, cōmanding it to be speedily roasted: in the meane time they plied *Richard* with cup after cup, that they were al merry: the Pig being
roasted,

Taylors Feast. 35

roasted, they wrapt it close in the napkin again, that no heat should come from it, and put it into the cloak-bag: so they took fuddain leave of *Richard*, who was quickly mounted with his piping hot pig behind him. So that he being well lined with Sack, with the hot Pig at his back-side, and the Sunne in his face, & exceeding hot, so that poore *Richard* did ride, as it were betweene two fires, besides the Horse trotted terrible, which made the cloak-bag skip, and the Pig was tost as in a blanket: In these occurrences, *Richard* was halfe stewed, so that the sweate distil'd from his body, and lyquored his bootes. In this bloated case he came to *London*, and set up his Horse, tooke off his cloak-bag, which carrying under his arme, it was so hot that his side seem'd to scald, and hee
thought

36 *Taylor's Feast.*

thought he had gotten a Plewrie, or a burning Feaver. Being come to the Councillours chamber, hee remembred his Masters and Mistresses loves to him, and that they had (according to custome) sent him a Pigge, and withall complained of the foultrineffe of the weather, and the extreame heate he was in. Then he puts his hand into the Cloak-bagge to take out the Pig, which was so hot, that he said there was fire in it; at last hee drew it out, and when hee opened it, that it had gotten aire, it reack'd and smoak'd in such manner, that *Richard* said, there was one of the Wonders of the World; for betweene the heate of the Sun, and the hard trotting of his Horse, there was a Pigge roasted all to pieces in the Cloake-bagge.

12. *A*

12. *A Goose.*

A Gentleman loved the sole of a Goose more than any part else, but his Cooke having a Wench that long'd for it, hee adventred to give it her: when the Goose was carved, and brought to the Table, the Gentleman mist the sole, and demanded the Cooke for it; the Cooke made answer, Sir, this was no Goose, it was a Gander, and and he lost his sole with treading his Sister. This Goose deserves some sawce, but I can swimme no more than a Goose, therefore I'le wade no further: much good may it doe you Gentlemen.

13. *A*

38 *Taylor's Feast.*

13. *A cup of Sacke.*

NOW it is but folly to offer a little Sacke to my Readers, for it is not a little or small Sack that can hold them; yet for all that they may hold or contayne a little Sacke, (when they have it.) A roaring Gallant having dranke so much Sacke, that his head and belly were full, and empty of E-briety and Sobriety, and his purse and brayne discharg'd of Wit and Money, was inforced to cast up his Sacke with more haste than he receiv'd it, which being done, and his stomacke somewhat eas'd, hee threw the Pottle-pot downe the staires, saying, Drawers, you Rogues, bring more Sacke, for all this is gone.

A speech

*A Spitch-cocke, or roasted Eele
turn'd to a Bull.*

There was a great Dispute held amongst good fellows once, of what thing in the world would live longest after exquisite and extreame Torments: the Judgement was generall, that it was an Eele; for first hee would live after his head was off; after he was flay'd, after hee had his entrailes and heart taken out, after he was cut in peeces, yet every peece would have life in it, after it was laid, on the Gridyron: Then one of the company said, I doe approve of your opinions; for an Eele doth live longer after hee is dead, than any other thing that ever liv'd on the earth.

A

A couple of fat Ducks roasted.

N Eere the City of *Gaunt* in *Flanders*, in a small Village there was lately a Priest that preached, or rayled most bitterly against the Protestants, calling them Reprobates, Cast-awayes, Hugonats, and Hereticks, good for nothing but to feed fire, flame, and faggots; for which constant way of invective talking the Priest was mightily followed by abundance of ignorant people, (the most part women) as the like troupes doe into many places haunt Schismaticall Separatists, that willingly would dislocate the Conformity and Unity of the Church. Amongst the rest of this Priests Auditorie, there was one man and his wife that feldome failed to heare him; but

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but it hapned that the Woman was to give her mayd-fervant leave to goe to a Wedding at Gaunt, (where she had a kinswoman to bee married) so that her Mistris was forc'd to stay at home that Sunday, and Dresse Dinner for her Husband and family. The Sermon being done, the Goodman came home, and told his Wife that their Priest had made an extraordinary piece of worke, that the like was never spoken, and that hee thought all the Protestants were knock'd downe with his words, and that he was griev'd at the heart shee was not at Church to heare him.

At which report the woman was so full of griefe, (for her being absent from so rare a matter) that shee could eate no meate to Dinner, but fed upon sorrow; her Husband began to comfort her,

42 *Taylor's Feast.*

her, and told her, that if shee would bee merry, and eate her meate, hee would procure the Priest to come to their house on the Wednesday following, and there, (in their Parlour) he should repeate the same Sermon to them privately. The woman was well contented with the motion, and said, that shee would bestow a couple of as good Ducks roasted on him as ever hee eate in his life. (Now you must understand, that the Woman was hard and miserable, and did seldome use to feede her Husband, or any other with Ducks: and the Priest on the other side, did love a Ducke so well, that hee would run over the Parish after them.) Well, the Wednesday was come, the Priest came, the Ducks were on the Spit roasted, the Sermon was repeated, and Dinner was expected:
The

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The Woman arising from her
seate, made a low courtesie to the
Priest, saying, Sir, I will goe in-
to the Kitchen, and make haste
with your meate, the while I will
leave you with my Husband to
discourse in the Parlour: So the
good wife went to her Maid, say-
ing, In faith Wench our Priest
hath made a good Declaration,
but I would my Ducks, were a-
live againe, for it grieves me to
remember how the pretty fooles
would quacke, quacke, about the
backsides; but troubles my mind
more, to thinke how, like
Wolves, the Priest and thy Ma-
ster will devoure them. The
Maid answer'd her Dame, that if
she pleased, that we two here will
eate up the Ducks in the Kitchen,
the whilst the Priest and hee are
prating in the Parlour. The wo-
man reply'd, that she could finde

D

in

44 *Taylor's Feast.*

in her heart to doe it, but shee could not answer the matter with credit. Then said the Maide, Dame, let us eate the Ducks, and I will lay my Quarters wages against them, that wee will come off with fame and credit.

The match was agreed upon, the Ducks were taken from the Spit, and betwixt them one was eaten, and the other dismember'd, and spoil'd: What must be done now said the Dame? I pray you (quoth the Maid) to lay the cloath, with Bread, and Salt, and Trenchers; which she did, (her Husband bidding her make haste with Dinner) then shee came to her Maid againe, and asked what must further be done? Then said the Maid, you see our Knives are foule and blunt, I pray you whisper our Master in the eare, and tell him you will turne the grindstone

Taylor's Feast. 45

stone whilst hee doth sharpen them : Then the woman did as her Maid bid her, and as her husband and shee were grinding in the back-side, the Maid went into the Parlour to the Priest, and told him that he was in great and suddaine danger, for her Master and Dame were much defam'd by reason of two much familiarity which was suspected betweene her Dame and his good father-hood, and therefore they had sent for him, with a trick to abuse him, to make him relate a Sermon, (which they regard not :) and as for the Ducks which he expected, shee swore truly there was not a Ducke in the house : The maine plot was, that they did purpose to gueld him, and therefore were sharpening their Knives ; which if hee pleas'd but to looke out at the

D 2

Hall-

46 *Taylor's Feast.*

Hall-window, he might plainly see. The Priest was all amazed at this newes, and looking, (as the Maid said) hee spied the man and his wife grinding and turning, at which sight he took his heeles, and ran away as if hee had beene two stone lighter than he was. Then the Maid went to her Master, and said, that shee thought the Priest was mad, or the Devill was in him; for he came suddainly into the Kitchen, and was run away with both the Ducks. Whereat the hungry man was angry, and in haste (with one of the naked Knives in his hand) he ran after the Priest; so they both ran, the one for feare, and the other for hunger: the man calling to the Priest, bad him for shame not to carry them both away, but to let his wife have one of them: the Priest made answer
(as

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(as he ran) that thy wife and thee
are a couple of Rogues, and they
should both bee hang'd before
they had one of them, and that
he would keepe them both whilst
he had them. Thus the Sermon
was said, the Priest was affraid,
his hunger unstay'd, the Jest well
laid, the Wages paid, Gramer-
cy Maid.

15. *A cup of small Beere.*

MY Reader perhaps may bee
thirsty or dry with relating
this long Tale of the Ducks,
therefore it cannot be a misse to
give him a Bowle of small Beere
for a cooler.

A Gentleman that dwelt tenne
miles from *London*, sent his Foot-
man in all haste to the Citty, to
tell a Merchant welcome newes
of a rich Unkle of his lately dead,

D 3 that

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that had left him somewhat to make him merry for his Death, with an out-side mourning in Blacke, and an in-side laughing with Sacke. The Foot-man having his Message, with a Letter, made as much speed as hee could, in hope of Reward for his good tidings, so that he seem'd by his pace to have wings on his heeles, and by the fogge or sweate hee was in, you would have suppos'd him to have beene bloated or stewed body and bones.

Being come to the Merchant, hee deliver'd the Letter, which after he had halfe read, the Contents contented him so, that hee call'd his Maid, commanding her to fill a Bowle of Beere, and give it to the Foot-man, (who stood dropping with sweate as if he had newly beene duck'd) but hee setting it to his mouth, swallowed

lowed it with extreame eager-
nesse, and finding by the taste
that it was a poore mortified Li-
quor, having no vivacity left in
it, but meerely cold, comfortlesse,
and at the best, a poore decayed
single-foal'd drinke, although it
were dead, and a deceased rem-
nant of humidious Aquacity, nay
though it had not upou the death
or departure from its Cinnicall
or Diogenicall habitation given
so much as a good relish, a
smacke, or a taste to the poore
Foot-man, that ever any Malt
had beene drown'd, drench'd, or
imbrew'd into it, yet hee (as a
man of a milde temper) amidst
his heate, unwilling to speake ill
of the dead, did plainly tell the
Merchant thus: Sir, I doe thinke
that your Beere hath ran as fast as
I have ran, and faster. Why sayst
thou so? (quoth the Merchant)

D 4

because

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because said the other, it sweates more than I do : it cannot be said the Marchant : the foote-man replied that if it did not sweate, he was much deceived, for hee was sure it was in a cold sweate, or all of a water.

*Another piece of Beefe, and then
how the Beefe was pur-
chased, &c.*

THOUGH Beefe be accounted a grosse dish at most of our late Sardanapolitan feasts and Banquets, yet I doubt not but many of my Guests (or Readers) will be well pleased to eat Beefe (when they have it) but I being reasonably well stored, will tell them how I came by it, and then (as they like it) let them fall too and welcome.

Now

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*Now how the Beefe was
purchased.*

A Brace or couple of monileffe Gallants, who had met with some believing or credulous Mercer and Taylor, and sworne (and lied themselves into compleate suites of præter-plu-perfect-plush, or well deserving beaten Uelvet: these two had long time shared equall fortunes, and did purpose to live and dye in a brotherly conjunction; and indeed it was pittie to part them.

It befel that upon an Ash-wensday, they chanced to read a Proclamation for the strict observing and keeping of Lent; at which they were both exceedingly grieved, so that the one said to the other, I cannot live according as is here commanded, for I will eate no fish, and therefore must have flesh: The other then replied I
thinke

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I thinke neither of us have friends, money, or credit, to purchase flesh or fish; but if thou canst borrow a Porters habite, as a Frock, Cap, Basket, Rope, or Halter; stockins, shooes, and the like, then I will assure thee, I will load thy backe with good Beefe; my wit shall get it, and thy backe shall beare it, and our old Hostesse where we lodge, will powder it, and wee all will bee merry, and eate it.

To be short, the out-side of a Porter was borrowed, and on the Thursday after Ash-Wednesday, to the Butchers went this Gentleman-porter, and his confort the Kater. (Now there was an old Doctor of *Physicke*, which for some Reasons shall not be named: Hee dwelt in *London*, of good repute, and great estate, but so lame of the Gout, that he
feldome

feildome went out of his House, but sate in a Chaire, and gave his opinion of Urins and Difeases, and Directions, and Bills to Patients and Apothecaries.) This Doctor was the stake or ayme that the Master Cheater did purpose to make the Buckler for his knavery: For comming to a Butcher, hee bargained with him at the best rate for so many Stone of the chiefeft Beefe, with a legge and shoulder of Mutton, and loyne of Veale, which came to fifty shillings and odde money; which being cut in peeces, and joynted, and laid in the Basket, he asked the Butcher if hee knew such a Doctor of Physicke? (as afore-said) the Butcher said that he knew him well, that hee was an honest Gentleman, and that one of his men did buy meate often of him at his shop; the Cheater

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ter reply'd that hee was also one of the Doctors men, and that hee that was wont to buy meat of him, was his Fellow, but he was gone into the Countrey about some occasions, and that himfelfe for his part had laid out all his money in the Citty upon other things for his Master, therefore hee intreated the Butcher to let one of his servants to goe home with him, and take his due for his meate: The Butcher said it was a busie time, and had my customers to serve, yet hee commanded one of his men, (calling him *Richard*) to goe with the Gentleman, to bring 52. shillings and 10. pence, and to make haste backe againe.

Away went the Butcher, the Porter, and the Gentleman, who asked the Butcher his name, and of what Country he was? he said
his

Taylors Feast. 55

his name was *Richard Snelling*, of such a Parish in *Northamptonshire*; the Cheater straite began to call *Richard* Cousin, and told him, that himselfe was a *Snelling* by the Mothers side, and that hee would doe more for him than hee was aware of. When they came into a Lane neere *London-wall*, (called *Philip-Lane*) where the old Doctor dwelt, the Cheater said, *Richard*, I will goe before, and have the gate or doore open, because the Porter is loaden; so running apace to the gate, hee knock'd, which straite a Maide opened, to whom he said, yonder comes a Butcher with a Porter, I pray you let them rest here in the Hall whilst I doe speake a word with your Master in the Parlour: as hee requested, it was done, and the Cheater went to the
Doctor,

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Doctor, and told him that hee was a Gentleman famous for Learning and Experience, and that though hee were lame in his legges, yet hee was found in his Art and profession, which had moved him to bring to him a Patient; (his Kinsman) who was of Gentle Birth, but in his wild youth ran from his Parents, and bound himselfe Apprentice to a Butcher, and now within two dayes he was halfe franticke, and talk'd of nothing but money, which he thought was some diftemperature in the Brayne, through want of sleepe, which surely Sir (said he to the Doctor) I am perswaded that you can effect in one night, and you shall have ten pounds for the Cure: He is very milde and tractable, his fault is onely talking of Money, and he staies without in your Hal.

I

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I pray you call him in said the Doctor, which the Cheater did, saying, *Richard*, goe into the Parlour, my Master will pay you: so in went the Butcher to the Physitian, the whilst the two Cheaters went away with the meate. Then *Richard* entred with his Cap off, and made many scraping legges to the Doctor, who bade him put on his Cap, and take a stoole, and sit downe by him; but *Richard* said, hee had more manners than so, desiring his Worship to helpe him to his money: Alas good fellow sayd the Doctor, I would not have thee to set thy heart upon mony, for they that doe love money, are bewitch'd with this World, and have little thought or hope of a better; that money was like fire and water, very necessary for the use of Man, (so long as they are servants,

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fervants, and kept under) but where they get the maistry, they will doe a man a world of mischief.

Richard reply'd, (Sir) I care not for money, but I must have money of you for my Masters Beefe: to whom the Doctor said, *Richard*, thou art farre gone, how long hast thou beene in this case, to talke thus idly of Money? I pray thee canst thou say thy prayers, or Creed? Then straite the Butcher began to waxe hot, and said, that he was not farre gone, nor would goe without his Money; and for the case he was in, it is the same he will be in, till he have his Money: And as for prayers, hee came not thither to pray; and therefore I pray Sir, to leave jesting, and give me my Money, for my Master and Mistris are hastie folkes, and will be

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bee very angry with me for my long stay, and therefore give me my money.

The Doctor perceiving that he could not put *Richard* out of talking of Money, did suppose he was stark mad, and therefore he quickly called for his men, (*William* and *Thomas*) and commanded them to take *Richard*, and put him into a close Chamber, and to draw curtaines, and shut up the windows, whereby hee might be kept darke, for the better setting of his braines) saying that *Richard* came of good friends, and that a worthy Gentleman (his Unkle) was with him but now, and further, that hee had a good hope to cure him in short time.

The Serving-men (as their Master bad them) tooke hold of *Richard*, who would not goe
E with

60 *Taylors Feast.*

with them, then they began to pull, hale, and tugge him, so that *Richard* in anger, asked if they would make him mad: Then they fell by the eares, and cuffe, and buffeted till they were bloody-nos'd, and their Bands torne; the Doctor still crying to his men, Away with him, I will tame him before I have done, that he shall set his minde no more upon Money.

Richard (being weake) was dragg'd perforce to the Chamber, when presently the Butcher (*Richards* Master) came to the doore, and knock'd, demanding whether hee had not a fervant in the House? one of the men said, there was a young fellow in the House that was stark mad, and that they would hee had beene hang'd before they saw him, hee had beaten and torne them so:
what

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what, is he mad (quoth the Butcher?) yes said the other, hee talkes of Money, and would have it of my Master; but feare not (honest man) my Master will cure him.

What, is my man mad said the Butcher? yea quoth the other, hee would have Money, I told you: Money, why should he not have Money said the Butcher? He must, and shall have Money, and so will I: Are you as mad as your man said the Serving-man? then we must be troubled to have another darke Chamber for you too; and (growing to high words one with another) at last the Butchers wife came, (flinging her Armes as if she had beene swimming) using the volubility of her Tongue to a shrill and lofty straine, (a principall vertue in too many women) that the

E 2

House

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House rang with the clamour, (as if it had beene a Cock-pit) asking her Husband why hee staid there, and where the idle rogue her man was, that hee brought not away the Money.

The old lame Doctor hearing such a noise, asked one of his servants what the matter was : who told him that the Butcher and his wife both were come for money : Hoy-day, said the Doctor, I thinke all the World is mad for Money ; goe and tell the Butcher and his Wife, that I have not darke roomes enow in my House for them : so after a little conference together, the Doctors maid affirm'd that a Porter rested his meate in their Hall, whilst the other Gentleman spake with him in the Parlour, and that they both went away when the Butchers man went in : thus the truth
was

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was cleared, the Cheaters were victual'd, the Doctor was gull'd, the Butcher was couzned, and *Richard* was releafed.

16. *Twelve Woodcockes
in a Dish.*

ABout fixe or seaven new molded Gallants, (whose out-fides were filke and flasbes, and their insides jeeres and flasbes) were invited to a worthy Cittizens House to dinner, where amongst a great deale of other good cheare, there was brought to the Board a Jury of Woodcockes in one Dish, laid Head to Head in the centre of the platter, as fantastick Travailers and their Wives doe lie feete to feet in the Great Bed of *Ware*, sometimes by dozens. These Guests (beeing loath to conceale their small Tal-

E 3

lents

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lents of wit) had an especiall Art to breake ten good jeasts of other mens, before they were able to make one good one of their own: they began to jyre at the Woodcockes, and said they were a Jury Empanell'd; another sayd, it was hard to judge whether they were a petty, or a Grand-Jury: a third said, that he thought that those twelve were an Embleme of the twelve Companies. The Citizen (being a Gentleman of place and eminence) not thinking their jeering worthy of his anger, would not set his gravity against their foppery; yet thus mildly he answered them. You are welcome Gentlemen, and I do wish that my entertainment were better for you: I see there is one dish that distastes you, but it shall be taken away, for I do assure you, that I never had so many Woodcockes

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cockes at my Table at one time in all my life; but I thinke the fault is not in my Cater, for here are at leest halfe a dozen more then he provided. So he commaunded one that waited on, to take away the roasted Woodcockes from the rest.

17. *A Loyne of Veale.*

ALTHOUGH the bodies of men are all (or the greatest number) of one forme or a like frame, all compacted and composed of the foure Elements and Humors: yet those Elementary Humours are so variously mixed in men, that it makes them different in their Appetites, Affections, Inclinations, Constitutions and Actions: For example, some wil gape and make water at the sight of a hot roasted pigge; some wil run

E 4 from

66 *Taylors Feast.*

from an Eele; some doe hate Cheefe so, that they will not handle a knife that hath cut it: some will sweate at the sight of a messe of Mustard. Mr. *Anthony Munday* (sometimes a Writer to the City of *London*) would run from the Table at the sight of a fore-quarter of Lambe roasted: And a reverend grave Judge of this Kingdome, did abhorre a Ducke as it had bin a Divell. Another Gentleman did love Salt, but by no meanes could indure to see it about the sides of a dish, but would swoone at the sight of it, A Schoole-master in this Citty cannot indure to smell Apples. Amongst all these, I my selfe did know one *Thomas Vincent* that was a Book-keeper or prompter at the Globe play-houfe neere the Banck-end in Maid-lane: As also I did know *Iohn Singer*, who
play'd

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playd the Clownes part at the Fortune-play-houfe in *Golding Lane*, thefe two men had fuch ftrange and different humours, that *Vincent* could not endure the fight or fcent of a hot Loyne of Veale, and *Singer* did abhorre the fmell of *Aqua vitæ*: But it hapned that both thefe were invited to Dinner by a Widdow, (that did not well know their dyets) and as they fate at the Boord, a hot Loyne of Veale was fet before *Vincent*, who prefently began to change colour, and looke pale, and in a trembling manner, hee drop'd in a fwowne under the Table; the Widdow (being in a great amazement) made hafte for an *Aqua vitæ* bottle to revive him, which was no fooner opened, but the very fcent fent *Singer* after *Vincent* in the like foolifh traunce. But when
the

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the Veale and *Aqua vitæ* were taken away, after a little time the men recover'd: *Vincent* went into another Roome, and dranke, and *Singer* call'd for the Veale, and din'd well with it.

18. *A Custard.*

A Prating fellow, that dwelt in a Citty that had in former times beene governed by Bayliffes, and was newly made a Majoralty, did brag that their first Majors feast was most sumptuous, and in price and value beyond the Lord Majors of *York* or *London*, for besides other Dishes and provision, there was sent in by the Gentlemen of the Countrey, Fourteene brace of Bucks; I demanded of him at what time of the Yeere their Major was chosen? He answer'd
me,

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me, that about the Twentieth of October hee tooke his Oath, and kept his Feast: I reply'd that I thought hee was mistaken, for the Season for Buckes doth not hold or continue till the Moneth of October; then hee said, that if they were not Bucks, they were Does: To which I seemed to grant; but withall I told him, that if they had beene Bucks, all had beene too short of our *London* Feast; for wee were able on that day to drowne such a towne as theirs with fixteene Tunne of Custard.

19. *A Sturgeon like an old Colt.*

There is a Market-towne (which I will not name in Print) in the roade betwixt *London* and *Yorke*, which hath a pretty

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pretty River or Brooke runnes by it, up which Brooke it did chance that a Sturgeon did swim or shoote, (somewhat neere the Towne) the which a Gentleman that dwelt neere, espied, and caused a small Rope to bee put through the gills of the Fish, and fastened it to a stumpe of a Willow, intending to take it as a waste or stray, that fell into the limits of his owne Bounds or Royalty : but as hee was gone to make provision for the carriage of it, and to call his servants for that purpose, the newes of the Sturgeon was brought to the Towne, and the Recorder told the Major, that it was taken in their Liberty, and that they were better to spend or give an Hundred pounds, than to lose or hazard the losse of so much ground as the Sturgeon was within their
Liberty

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Liberty and Lordship : and therefore it were their best course to goe speedily and fetch it away into the Towne perforce.

This counsell was lik'd and approv'd, and so with one consent, the Major with his Brethren, the Recorder, and Officers, with the whole Drove or Heard of the Townsmen, went out to bring in the Sturgeon. And as they went, Master Major said, that he had eaten part of such a Fish many times, but in all his life hee had never seene a whole Sturgeon, and therefore he did not know of what shape or proportion it was : to whom one of the Aldermen said, Sir, in my youth I did use to goe to Sea, and then I did now and then see one, and I can compare or liken him to nothing more than to an old ragged Colt ; 'tis like enough to bee so (quoth
the

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the Major) and for any thing I know he may be like a Goose, a Cocke, or a Bull: Thus as they walk'd and talk'd many words to small purpose, they espy'd a fellow leading a young Colt with a flip from the Brooke thwart over the field, which caused one of the Aldermen to say to the Major, Sir, yonder man (be like) hath had some warning of our coming, and you may see he is about to prevent us, for he is leading away the Sturgeon from us; with that the Major called aloud, saying, Hallow, thou fellow, I charge and command thee, that thou bring hither our Sturgeon before me: The fellow (wondring) answer'd, what say Zur? Marry I say Sir, I charge thee bring hither our Sturgeon; What doe you meane, my Colt said hee? Sirrah, firrah, said the Major,

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Major, doe not you offer to put your knavish Colts tricks upon me, for if you doe, I'le lay you by the Heeles : Do'st thou thinke that I am such an Affe that I doe not know a Colt from a Sturgeon ? Yfaith quoth the fellow, you are a merry Gentleman, and with that hee led the Colt away. Then the Major commanded men to pursue him, and take away the Sturgeon : Well, the fellow ran, the Townsmen ran, the Colt slip'd his Halter, and was encompass'd round, and hunting him into the Towne, was met by men, women, and children, as a rare and admirable fight, and had like to have beene kill'd, and cut out into Jolles and Rands, and made up into Keggs in pickle, but that a knowing understanding Shooe-maker most luckily prevented it.

In

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In the meane time the Gentleman that first found the Sturgeon, caused it to be taken up out of the Brooke, and carried Home unto his House and there it was drest as was fitting. The Major perceiving his errour, let the man have his Colt againe, with a full determination that at the common charge with the Towne-purse to trie an Action with the Gentleman for the Sturgeon.

20. *A fresh Salmon.*

THE good, old, and truely right Honourable *Charles Earle of Nottingham*, Lord High Admirall of *England*, whose renowned memory shall never bee forgotten untill his bounteous Housekeeping bee generally imitated. He being at his House at *Chelfey*, and looking upon certaine

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taine Fishermen that were fishing
in the *Thames* with their Salmon-
Net, his Lordship call'd to them,
and said, My friends, if you take
a Salmon, and bring him a shoare
living, that I may see it move,
and live, I will give you your
price for it: The Fisherman an-
swer'd, (My good Lord) I hope
wee shall bee able to present your
Honour with such a Fish as you
desire; so they drew their Net to
Land, and caught a very faire
Salmon. (My Lord standing on
the Land looking on them) To
whom the Fisherman said, my
Lord, I have him, and you shall
have him strait: So the poore
man tooke off his leather-girdle,
which had fastned to it a little
Pouch, with ten pence in money
in it, and as he had put the girdle
through the gill of the Salmon to
hold it the faster, the Fish being
F a strong

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a strong lively fish, gave a sudden flint or spring out of the mans armes into the River againe with the girdle in the gill, and the Pouch with ten-pence; which Salmon did shoote up the River the same Tide, from *Chelsey* to *Hammer-smith*, and there it was taken by another Fisherman, and the Girdle with the pouch with it, which was restor'd to the right owner, and the Fisherman contentedly rewarded for the same by the bounteous Nobleman afore-named.

21. *Sixe six penny Mutton-pyes
to make up the Feast.*

MEthinks a Feast is not well
set forth if there be no Pies
or bak'd meates, and instead of
Deere, I pray Gentlemen take in
good part such Venison as *Smith-
field*

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penns affoord. There was a Chyrurgian, or corruptly a Surgeon, whose name was well knowne to me, and many more by Land, but especially and truly by *Walter*, and by shortning it an *L*, by *Water*, or briefly, *Wat*; (the helpe of a *Priest* would declare the rest) This *Walters* stomacke did water for a Six-penny Mutton-pye, at a Cookes named T. S. at *Westminster*, almost over against the 3. Tunnes Taverne, and having eaten one Pie, he lik'd the rellish so well, that hee call'd for five pies more of the same price, and valiantly consum'd them both crust and meate, out-fides and linings: Which being done, he heard *Westminster* clock strike, and demanding of one of the Cookes servants what time of day it was? who answer'd him, that the Clocke strooke E-

F 2 leaven;

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leaven; Oh (quoth he) I pray
you bring me a reckoning quick-
ly, or else I shall lose my Dinner
at my Lord *Maynards*.



22. *A Pudding-pye.*

AN old rich Tanner, with a
beggerly minde, did use
Hartfoud Market constantly e-
very Weeke, for the time of 28.
Yeeres, to buy and sell Hides;
in all which space hee never chan-
ged his Inne or Hostesse, nor al-
tered his price for diet or expen-
ces, either for his Horfe or him-
felfe; whose Horfe-meate was to
be tied up to an empty Racke, for
which one pennie paid for his
standing,

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standing, and another penny the Tanner spent upon himselfe in a Pinte of Beere, and a halfe-penny loafe, so two pence in the Totall was his constant expences every Market-day for so long a time: till at last as hee passed alongst the Streete, he espied a Wench that sold hot Pudding-pies, and presently his chappes began to water, so that his quicke Eye and liquorish Tooth made him turne prodigall so farre as to waste a pennie upon himselfe for a Pudding-pie, which he put in his Handkerchiefe, and carried to his Inne, with a purpose to feast his carkasse. So being set alone in a Roome, hee call'd for a whole pot of Beere, which the Maide drew, and was carrying it to him: but meeting her Dame or Mistris by the way, shee asked her to whom that Beere was

F 3

fill'd?

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filld ? for the old Tanner said the Maide , whereat the Mistris call'd her forgetfull Baggage, that had forgotten his usuall Diet , to bee but a pinte of Beere , and a Halfe-pennie loafe : The Maide reply'd, that hee had bought a Pudding-pie , and would make that serve instead of Bread , and therefore hee would spend a whole pennie in Drinke. So it was carried to the Tanner , who fate (repentingly) looking upon his Pie ; the whilst the Hostesse went into another roome, where there were some merry fellows drinking , to whom shee told how the Tanner had altered his custome and diet , and that hee was in such a Roome alone with his Pot and his Pudding-pie before him : whereat one of the fellows start up, and swore, the old miserable Hound should have

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have small joy of it; so away went he to the Tanner, (who as yet had neither touch'd Pie or Pot) to whom hee said, by your leave Father, I am bold to looke into your Roome, for my selfe with some friends are basely us'd in this House, for they fill us such scurvy dead drinke, as a man would bee asham'd to wash his Boots with it: Now you being an old Guest of the House, I would taste if your Beere bee better, and with that hee tooke up the Pot, and dranke all off, set it on the Boord againe, saying, I thought (old man) that you were in favour with mine Hostesse, and I perceive it now by the goodnesse of the Liquor: Oh but said the Tanner, you have drunk up all; then call for more said the other; but who shall pay (quoth the Tanner?) hee that's

F 4

best

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best able quoth the fellow ; Thou art a sawcy fellow (said the Tanner) and little better than a Cheater , to come into my roome and drinke up my drinke thus basely , and therefore tell me thy Name : The fellow told him, his Name was *Gurley* ; *Gurley* said the Tanner ? there was a Rascall of thy Name that stole a Mare from me three yeere agoe, that I could have hang'd him for it if I would : With that the Fellow clap'd his hand on the boord , and said , Old man, that *Gurley* was my Cousin, and hee was the most desperate Fellow that *England* bred, and did care no more for stealing your Mare, than I doe at this time for eating your Pudding-pie, and with those words hee suddainly snach'd up the Old Tanners Pie, and
greedi-

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greedily (knavishly) devoured
it at two or three mouthfulls,
leaving the miserable Tanner in
a mad, hungry, and thirsty
anger, without either Beere or
Pudding-pie for his two-pence.
So Gentlemen, much good may
it doe you with your Pud-
ding-pie: Now there remains
behind onely some light meate
for the clofure of the ftomack,
which I pray fall to, and wel-
come; and that is a Foole,
being made like a Custard,
and when that is done,
pray give eare to
the Mufick.

23. *A*

23. *A Foole.*

TO furnish a Feast compleatly, there must be Tarts, Custards, Flawnes, Flap-jackes, and by al meanes a Foole or two : and at a Feast it so hapned, that a Counsellour at Law (or of Law) being at the table, amongst other dishes that stood before him, hee fell to feeding most heartily upon a Foole, and lovingly likeing it so well, demaunded of the Mistrresse of the House, what good name that most excellent dish of meate had : shee answered him that the name of it was a Foole. The Lawyer replied, that hee had often tasted the goodnesse of a
Terme

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Terme Foole, but for a Table Foole hee never smatch'd one that pleas'd his pallate better, and therefore hee desired her to let him have a note of the ingredients that appertained to the making of such a composition, that his Wife might put it in her booke of Cookery. To which request of his, the Gentle-woman condescended: So after Supper was ended, the Counsellors man drew his pen and inke, and as the Gentle-woman directed him, hee wrot. Item, so much clouted Creame, so much Sugar, so much Rose-water, so many Egges, such and such Spices, with other Simples that are pertinent to Foole-making, which I am not perfit in: But after hee had written all, he knew that his Mistrresse would insert it into her Booke, and therefore he thought
it

86 *Taylors Feast.*

it. fit to give it a title or directions above it, to distinguish it from other receites, wherefore thus he intituled it: A receite to shew my Mistresse, how to make my Master a Foole.



A Tale of a Foole.

A Young Gentleman (being a rich Heire) came a woing to a proper Gentle-woman, whose sharpe wit quickly found him to be a Foole, by his playing the Coxcombe, and by his outward gesture; and so shee gave him frumps for his folly, and flouts for his foppery, parting as wisely as they met: which her mother perceiving, beganne to chide her, saying

Taylor's Feast. 87

faying that ſhee was a ſqueamiſh proud Baggage to give no more contentfull reſpect to a Gentleman of his worth and rich hopes, and that ſhe had beſt to be more tractable to him hereafter, for, (quoth ſhe) your Father and I, and his parents are minded and agreed that hee ſhalbe your Husband. Now, God bleſſe me, ſaid the maide, for I cannot love him: why canſt thou not love him? (quoth the mother,) I know he is very rich: rich, ſaid the maide? I know hee is rich, (But, ——.) But quoth the mother, what But: you idle ſlut, you would ſay he is But a Foole: you ſay true mother, ſaid ſhe, it is for that onely that I cannot affect him: the mother reply'd, that for his being a Foole, it was her wiſeſt part to take him; for it was better for her to be married to

88 *Taylor's Feast.*

to one that is a Foole already made to her Hand, then after marriage to take the paines to make him one: faying further, who loves theirwives better then Fooles? who lets them Eate, Drinke, weare, say, or doe what they please, but Fooles? I tell thee that I was foure yeares married to thy Father, and hee he curb'd me, and restrain'd me of my will so much, that hee almost broake my Heart, till at the last (with a great deale of cost and counsell from my good neighbours and Gossips,) and a boundance of care and paines taking, I made him a Foole, (and so he happily continues :) since which time, I have liv'd a Ladies life, full of content and pleasure: and therefore Huswife, no more a doe, but take my counsell, and marry a Foole, if
you

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you meane to live a merry and
pleasant life.



24. *Cheese.*

O Ne brag'd and boasted that
when he was married, that
he had at the least two hundred
Cookees to dresse his Wedding
Dinner: Another answered him
that hee believed him not, be-
cause he knew that he had not so
much as a House to put his Head
in, but lodged in a Garret, and
therefore he could not have use
or roome for so many Cookees:
He replied, that as hee with his
friends came from Church, they
went to a drie Hedge, and fet it
on fire, (every man having a
piece

90 *Taylor's Feast.*

piece of Cheefe in his pocket,) and dividing themselves, the one halfe halfe of them on one side of the Hedge, and the other halfe on the other, and so toasting their Cheefe, being two hundred in number, they were all Cookes, and drest the Wedding dinner.



25. *A Posset.*

THE Kings-Head Taverne in Fleet-streete, at Chancery-lane end, hath a long time bin a contenting well-custom'd House, and if the Travailes of some of the Drawers up and downe the staires could be measured,

Taylor's Feast. 91

fured, it may be reckoned a daily journey of Forty miles a day in a Terme-time.

About 30. Yeeres since there was a man that kept the said Taverne, whose Name was *Gent*, who was an honest fat man, (as most fat men be) who being in bed, about mid-night the Drawers and the Maids were up merry in the Kitchen, to have a little recreation after their long dayes toyle: for which purpose the Maides had made a great and a good Poffet, which exceeding hot, and well sack'd, sugar'd, and spic'd, was put into a broadbrim'd pewter Bason: Mr. *Gent* being suddainly taken with an occasion to rise, (for the keeping of his bed cleane) put on his flippers, and as he was comming downe the staires, his servants hearing him, were in doubt they

G

were

92 *Taylor's Feast.*

were discovered by their Master, whom to prevent, they put out the light, and one of them took the Bason with the hot Posset, and (to hide it) laid it upon the seat in the House of office, Master *Gent* suspecting no harme, went thither in the darke, and set himselfe in the Posset, which hee found so scalding, that hee cried out Helpe, helpe, the devil's in the Privie: thus was the Servants deceiv'd, the *Good-man* scar'd and scalded, and the Posset most unluckily spoyl'd and defil'd.



26. *Musicke.*

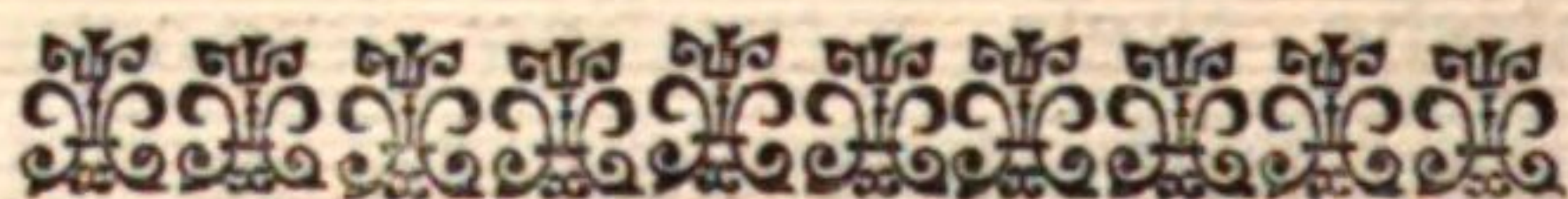
THree or foure Gentlemen being merry with drinke and discourse

Taylor's Feast. 93

discourse in a Taverne, a Musitian proffer'd them Musicke, which was deny'd; within a little time after another ask'd the same question, Gentlemen, will you have any Musicke? The Gentlemen began to be angry, saying, they were Musick to themselves, and of themselves, and bad the Fidler get him gone; but it was not long before the third Fidler opened their doore, and peep'd into the Roome, with the old note, Gentlemen, will you have any Musicke, a new Song, or a fine Lesson? The Gentlemen perceiving that no deniall would satisfie their intruding importunacy, said, do'st thou heare fellow, how many are you? Wee are foure said the Musitian; Can you dance said the Gentlemen? Yes sir said the other; that's well quoth the Gentlemen: so without

94 *Taylors Feast.*

out any more bidding, the Musicians entred, and two of them plaid, and the other two danc'd foure or five Dances; in conclusion the Gentlemen call'd for a Reckoning, and paid it; but as they were going away, one of the Fiddlers said, Gentlemen, I pray you to remember the Musick, you have given us nothing yet; to whom one of the Gentlemen answer'd, nor will we give you any thing, for we never knew any Reason to the Contrary, *But alwayes those that dance must pay the Musicke.*



27. *One hundred of Faggots.*

Gentlemen, the aire is raw and cold, therefore 'tis not amisse to have some Faggots, as well

Taylors Feast. 95

well to warme you, as to dresse your meate; and first how the Faggots were gotten.

There dwelt a Water-man at *Greenewitch*, who for his meritorious and notorious Vertues, had justly purchas'd the Nickename of *Bawdy-boy*, by which name hee was generally knowne, and called, and will thereby bee many yeeres to come, had in remembrance. It happened that this Fellow (working with Oares) had a Gentleman at *London* in his Boate, whom hee carried to *Gravesend*; it being in a Winter-night, and Eleaven of the Clocke at the time of their landing, the Moone shining in her full brightnesse, and so calme and still was the winde, that it would not move the smoake of a Chimney, or flame of a Candle. When *Bawdy-boy* had landed the

G 3

Gentle-

96 *Taylors Feast.*

Gentleman, and tooke his fare, (which was fixe shillings) hee told his fellow what hee had receiv'd, and withall the Tide being an houre flood, and no passengers left, hee thought it best to swim up emptie-boated with the streame from *Gravesend* to *Greenewich*, rather than to stay there, and spend their money; and that hee doubted not, but to make some profitable purchase on the river before he gat home: In which resolve they put off their Boate, and after one houres Rowing, betweene *Greene-hithe* and *Purfleete* they overtooke an Hoy, or great Boate, loaden with as good Kentish faggots as Christendome could yeeld: the Hoyman driving and whistling up in the calme streame, and the light Moone-shine, to whom *Bawdy-boy* call'd, and ask'd him if hee would

Taylors Feast. 97

would sell him one Hundred of Faggots? The Hoy-man answer'd, saying, they are not mine to sell, I am but hired to bring them to *London* for a Wood-monger that dwells there. My Friend (quoth *Bawdy-boy*) what though they are none of thine to sell, yet thou may'st let me have one Hundred of them, and make thy Master beleieve they were mis-told to thee; or else thou may'st mis-tell one Hundred in the delivery of them; 'tis twenty to one they will never be mist amongst so many.

This gentle and grave counsell began to worke upon the tender conscience of the Faggot-man, infomuch that the bargaine was strooke, that for Five Shillings *Bawdy-boy* should have one Hundred of Faggots. In briefe, the Faggots were taken into the

G 4 Wherry,

98 *Taylor's Feast.*

Wherrie, and the Faggot-seller expected Five shillings; to whom *Bawdy-boy* said. (Friend) I doe see a Faggot with a crooked stick in it, which sticke will be to me of more worth than three Faggots, for a use that I would put it to: I pray thee let me have it, and I wil give thee one of my faggots backe againe for it; the other reply'd, that he would doe him that kindnesse, though it were troublesome to him to remove a dozen or twenty Faggots that lay about it: So whilst the fellow was busie to get the crooked-sticke-faggot, *Bawdy-boy* thrust himselfe off with his Boate and one Hundred of Faggots: At the last the Hoy-man came to the Hoyes side, and perceiving his Merchant to be gone, hee called to him, saying, Hoe friend, come hither, here is the Faggot with
the

Taylor's Feast. 99

the crooked sticke : To whom *Bawdy-boy* reply'd, saying, it is no matter, I have better be thought my selfe, I will make a shift without it: the other call'd againe, and said, thou hast not paid me for my Faggots, I know it well quoth the other, nor will I pay thee anything; thou art a Theefe, and a notable Rogue, and I will pay thy Master, who is an honest Gentleman, and hee shall know what a Rogue you are, and so I leave you.

Courteous Reader, I would intreate you to read this pleasant discourse of *One hundred of Faggots*, before that of *Great and small Oysters*, for so it should be placed.

Thus Gentlemen, you have
feene your cheere, and you
know

100 *Taylors Feast.*

know you are welcome; I am perswaded that you could not have had so good diet (as is before related) at any six-penny Ordinary, though it were in the North, where Victuals are cheapest: Heere hath beene variety without Ebriety. I promis'd you at first, that I would not take your stomacks from you, and that you should goe away as sober as you came, wherein I hope I have kept my word, and so you are welcome Gentlemen: Onely here is a Bill of Fare to satisfie your mindes, or to bee a President to you, when you have occasion to make a Feast, and how to provide for every mans Palate.

A



A Bill of Fare, invented by the choicest Pallats of our time, both for Worth and Wit, wherein are appointed such Rare and Admirable Dishes, as are not to bee had every where; and may be expected dayly at the Five pound Ordinary: as it came to my hands I give it you freely (Gentlemen) with some Addition of Dishes of mine owne.

FOure Phantasmaes, two boil'd
and two roasted.

One Dish of Cadalfets.

A stew'd Torpedo;

One Dish of Andovians.

One Phoenix in white Broath.

One fore-legge of a Greene Dragon bak'd.

Foure Pellican Chickens.

Two Dottrells broyl'd.

A

102 *Taylor's Feast.*

A Dish of Elephants Pettitoes.

A Rhinorfceros boyld in Allcant.

A Calves Head roast with a Pudding in the belly.

A fowst Owle.

A Dish of Irish Harts Horne
boil'd into Jelly, with a golden
Horse-shoe dissolv'd in it.

One Lobster fry'd in steaks.

Nine Soales of a Goose.

Three Ells of a Jackanapes taile.

Two Cockatrices.

Two dryed Sallamanders.

One boild Eele-pie.

A Dish of Quishquillions.

A Dish of *Modicums* boild with
Bonum.

A Dish of Bounties with Sorrell-
foppes.

A Gull pickled.

A Tantablin with an Onion.

A Sallet of Goose-grease and
Chickweed-fruite.

A

Taylor's Feast. 103

A *West-India* Cheefe.

One Hundred of Coaker-
Nuts.

Fifty Pine-apples.

Twelve Palmitaes.



FINIS.

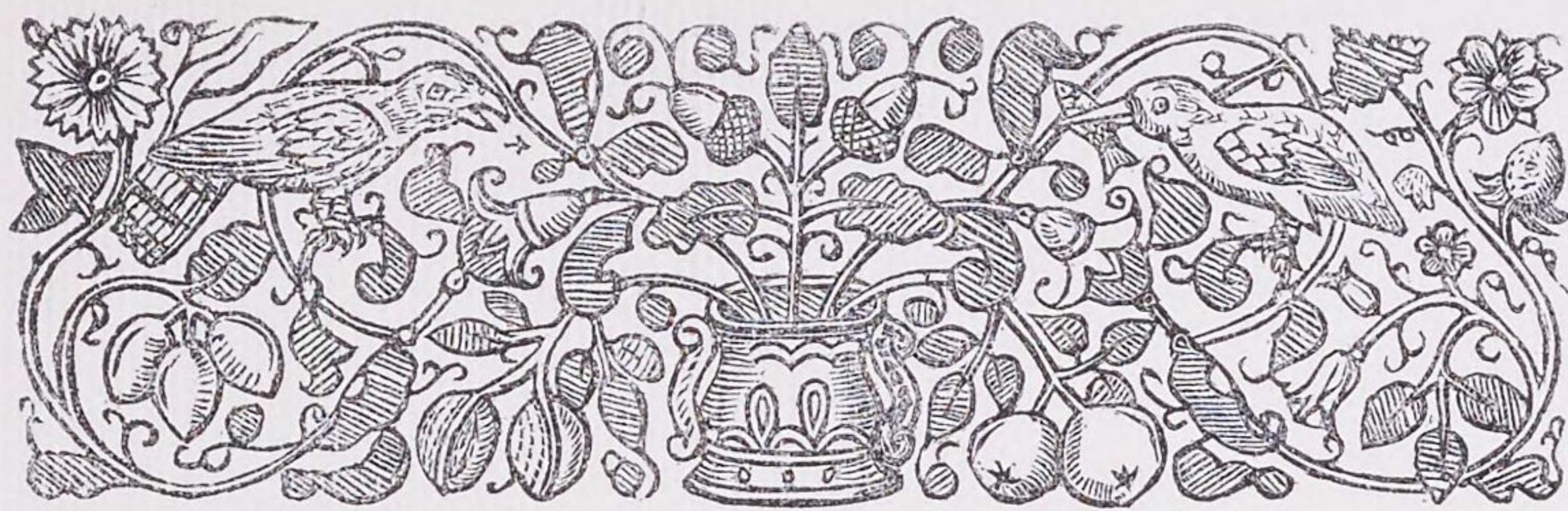


1638.

A sad and deplorable Elegy.

1038

A. J. and the glorious K. (1878)



A sad and deplorable loving Elegy confe-
crated to the living memory of his best as-

sured friend, the generally beloved, M. *Richard*

Wyan deceased, late his Majesties Proctor for

the *High Court of the Admiralty*. Who de-

parted this life at his house at *Bryl* in *Buckin-*

hamshire, on thursday the 16. of

August last. 1638.



T may be good to live, but well to live
Is such a Good, as few men can Achieve :
The more we live, the more we do offend,
The way to Heav'n's a good and speedy end :
Th' Almighty Landlord (who doth all *things* sway,
Doth let mans Soule a Tenement of clay,
And Man is no Free-holder, but is still
A Tenant only at the Landlords will.
They are but Leafes, till our Lives expire,
And *thankes* is all the Rent God doth require.
And such a one was He, of whom I write,
Who liv'd as euer in his Makers sight :
Who day and night did *humbly* pay *his* rent
Of *thankes* and *praise* for *his* fraile Tenement.
Not only words, but reall deedes declar'd
His love, His zeale, obedience and regard
He ow'd to God and Man, to each degree
His Heart, *his* Hand, *his* pen and purse were free.
The poore mans Patron in distressed state,
The rich mans patterne, how to imitate.
Religion was His Pilot, and did steere
His course of life, and all *his* actions here.
With courage daily he did *Death* defie,
His *heart* was fix'd on immortality ;
And one good precept, never *he* forgot,
To use the World, as if hee us'd it not.
Wherefore th' Almighty (in His gracious Doome,)
Hath pluck'd *him* hence, from ills that are to come.
The poore *have* greatest losse, *they* weeping know,
He would not say *God* *helpe*, but *help'd* *their* *woe*.
The State *hath* lost a Servant of great Trust,
His friends haue lost a friend assured, just.
His vertuous wife and children, great and small,
Brother and sisters, kin, in generall
Haue all receiv'd a losse, so great that we
Can never *hope* that it repair'd shalbe.
But I haue lost a friend, beyond a brother,
For I nere had, nor shall haue such another.
But here's our comfort, though grim *Death* assail'd *him*,
His Faith, *his* trust, and confidence nere fail'd *him* :
And though we all haue lost *him*, God hath found *him*,
And with eternall *happinesse* hath crown'd *him*.

John Taylor.

1642.

John Taylors Manifestation.

[HAZLITT, No. 83.]

1842

John Taylor's Emancipation

London: 1842

John Taylors
MANIFESTATION,
AND
IVST VINDICATION
Against
IOSVA CHVRCH
HIS
Exclamation,

WITH A TRVE RELATION OF
Church his *Generation*, with his foule *Combination*, with a
pretence of *Reformation*, of his wrong'd *Occupation*,
hath brought all out of
Fashion.



LONDON
Printed by *John Hammond*. 1642.



John Taylors Manifestation

A N D

Iust Vindication against *Iosua Church* his Exclamation,
with a true Relation of *Church* his Generation, with his
foule Combination, with pretence of Reformation,
of his wrong'd Occupation, hath brought all
out of Fashion.

MAfter *Church* (for I can give you no lesse stile) although I have ever hated to dip my pen in filth, and mud: for the Proverb sayes, that whosoever wrastles with a fir Reverence, that whether he give or take the fall, he shall be sure to foule his fingers; but the generall many and mighty wrongs done by you Mr. *Church*, and your associates, whom you have seduced against the government of the Watermen, established by Acts of Parliament these 86 yeares: and Orders also made, approved and confirmed by the Rulers and Assistants of the Watermen, by the Lord Mayor of London, and Court of Aldermen, and by the Lords of the Right Honourable privie Councell, to five great Kings and Queenes (*vide licet*) to King *Philip*, Queen *Mary*, Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James* and K. *Charles*, all these Lawes and Orders have been long withstood and opposed by you, and others whom you have mis-led, as shall be plainly proved by that which followeth. But first I will describe your person (and part of your invisible good qualities) and then I will proceed to your manner of Reformation.

First, it is well known, that you have ever led a constant course of life, you have from your beginning shewed yourselfe your mothers son; and as you have her Baboon Monkeyfied visage, so shee left you a large portion of cursings, imprecations, and some wicked oathes (of which rare parts she was well stored) and you have improved them so well, that you did dare to lend an oath against mee at a triall ten yeares past in Guild-hall; and had I not beene intreated by the Lord Mayor, I had gone neere to have made a match betwixt the pillory and your eares; and though your malice prevailed not then (for the cause went on my side) yet your spite is of that
lasting

lasting metall, that it hath first and last continued these 18. yeares. But a word or two more of your mother is not unfutable.

It is further known, that in her widowhood you were bound Apprentice to her, and for the true deserving of your freedome, you oftentimes spent what you got, allowing her little or nothing, you most commonly mistaking the way, gave your gettings to the Ale-house instead of your mother; by which service of yours, shee was beggerd, and glad to take the Almes of the Watermens Hall towards her reliefe: your lodging was the most fitting for you in those dayes; for it was many times in the cold Winter at Summers Key in a dunghoat, where you battned in the warme dung; and from the dung you had the name of *Vermin*, which name you have to this day. For your Summers recreation your lodging was under a Crane at the Custome-house; and in these kinde of courses you came to be a Waterman.

After your freedome, your mother hath many times asked you blessing upon her knees, most pittifully begging two tokens of you; which you uncharitably denying, she (well knowing you) would call you damnd Rogue, and give you her blessing the cleane contrary way.

After this your hehaviour was so meritorious, that upon complaints and proofes to our Hall (my selfe with my brethren being Masters of the Company) have divers times by fines and imprisonments justly punished you both in body and purse, although your demerits have deserved a curtesie of ten times more to be inflicted upon you. For these doings of mine, and other of our Rulers, Mr. *Church* hath been angry these eighteen yeares, and (to keep your anger still in motion) the Governours or Rulers have rub'd up your memory, either with a reproofe, a fine, or a iayle, which you have deserved as due wages for your good conditions: And for these things you beare us bitter malice. It was once my fortune to see a Dogge hanged that had one quality very like a foolishlicke which you have, which was, that if a man had cast or hurld a stone at him, the Curre would runne and bite the said stone, and not meddle at all with the party that threw it: So you (Mr. *Vermin*) when you have been a little toucht for your Rogury, and for your deboshed abuses, then you snarle, snap, bite and back-bite us that are the doers of iustice; but you never remember that your base misdemeanour which was the cause that cast these grievances upon you.

In revenge of these parts of Iustice you have (for many yeares) practised to overthrow all order, rule and government, you did eleven yeares past, raise many hundreds of Watermen in a combination for that wicked intent; yet all your knavery was covered with a cloake of Reformation: there you taxed me and all my brethren, with bribery, corruption, and many vile abuses, which the Lord Mayor then (being Sir *Robert Duncy*) with the Court of Aldermen, did put to the examination of a Committee; which Committee did make report to the said Court, that wee the Rulers

A 2

were

were cleare of those scandals, and that all your prating was but lies and flanders ; by which meanes we were free from your malice, till within these two yeare. In which time you have bestird yourselfe as if the Divell were in you having made a strong combination with many thousands of water-men, perswading them not to obey the Rulers, nor to come to their Hall upon their being warned thither for any wrongs which they shall commit : You have boasted that it was now Parliament time and therefore you may doe what you list ; and when the Master of his Majesties Barge told you, that if we did him or any other Water-man injury, that upon complaint made of it to the Lord Moior and proofes made of it, that then the Lord Maior had power to right him or them, and severely to punish us To which you answered, that the Lord Maior was your slave, and that you would have the government shortly out of his hands. You at (another time) pointed with your finger to our Hal, and called it a Rookes Nest, and that you had one hand in the Nest alreadie, and that shortlie you would pluck all the Rookes out : And we have since that time been three severall times assaulted in our Hall, so that we have at everie of those times been forced to call the Constables to defend us from violence, and the Constables will certifie that we have been abused.

You Mr. (*Church*) came latelie into our Hall, and in a pilfring manner you tooke close up out of an out of an outward Roome, a Table of Orders that hanged there, by the Lord Maiors command, that water-men might read and heare how they should be governed : for the which fact I had you with a warrant before a Iustice, who would not bind you over to the Affizes, because you Bauld and lied to him, that our grievnnces were to bee heard by a Committee in Parliament, within fourteen daies after. I am sure you lied then : for it was much about Alholowtide and we have no hearing yet, I would to God we had.

You and your Conforts have vowed to have me hanged, and *Goodale* swore hee would have my heart in his hand, and shake it, and one Matthew *Burton*, because he could not hang me, he went and hang'd himselfe upon a Sunday morning, being the first of August last ; but by chance his wife and others came timelie and cut him downe ; that being the first Sunday that hee made Holi-day : for he did formerlie use to worke on all other Sabbaths. Another that served but 4 years Apprentiship in all, for before 7. yeares were expired, he had two wives, he for preferment (hoping to bee Master of the *Queenes Barge*) turnd Recufant, and failing of his hopes, remains an ordinary waterman ; and he said lately, that there would be Roman Catholickes enough left as might drink a health to all our confusions ; or else that there would be Irish enough to cut all our throats. These (and some other like these) are your Associates to reforme abuses ; but you being their Leader, doe verifie the old Proverb, that it is a sweet Proceffion where the Divell carries the Crosse. You framed fiftie Articles against us in Parliament,

ment, which upon hearing, I doubt not but will gaine you your reward, for alledging so many lies against us in so honourable an Assembly.

By your doings and Rebellious courses you have made the Thames a wildernesse : for there is neither command nor obedience ; but you have done reasonable well for your selfe, in collecting moneyes from many hundreds of watermen, promising them wondrous businesse to bee done ; and with that moneyes you have well repaired your selfe with gold Bottons and Loops (if the suit be not pawned) but I wish that your Painter that can play the Kinde-Coale solicitor so well, I would have him (or some other) to paint your comely Effigies in that suit, and hang it up for the picture of *Ill luck*.

You did doe your best the other day to draw mee into as much danger as you deserved, by averring that I spake most wicked abusive words against some Parliament men ; *I* would have you know (Mr. *Vermyn*) that I was never such a Knave to speake such (or any bad words) to any private friend, where *I* thought my counsell would be kept. But *I* were a Villaine, a Knave and a Foole, if *I* would have said any thing before you and your Com-Rogues, whom *I* knew to bee my mortall enemies, and such as would spread my words ten times broader then my meaning.

You have brought the River to that passe, that watermen doe ply how and where they list, that they abuse Fares, and exact upon them, that they fight, brawle, raile, revile, throw stones and Brick-bats, and for all this, there is no punishment : for you have told them that it is Parliament time.

For these sweet behaviours of yours you deserve to bee Knighted with a wooden Dagger, to bee made Knight of the Post (or whipped at a Post) and *I* doubt not but all the watermen whom you have mis-led, and taken their moneyes, will shortly say, that they have (by your perswasion) had a bad opinion of mee and the rest of my brethren, and assure your selfe, I feare you not, nor doe *I* hate any of you all ; and whosoever hee be that either feares or hates you, must needs be guilty of some foule thing, which you charge him with. Wee have all too many faults, and he that desires not amendment, let the Divell have him : if you or any man can Iustly taxe me, beshrew you, if you spare me : therefore *I* advise you Mr. *Church*, not to dispaire because you have sold your Two Wise Acres of Thistle-ground, for when all trades faile, you may serve for a witnesse for any mans love or money, or else, if *I* doe grow rich (as it is not impossible) *I* will entertaine you to be my foole, and all this Mr. *Church*, I hope is no *Scandalla Magnatum*.

I

I know you are a merry fellow, for you had lately a Piper, a Fidler, you lacked but your Trumpeter at the *Blackfriars*, good Sack and Tobacco at a Taverne in *New-Fish-streete*, where you sung Old Rose, or John Dory, and cryed Hey the generallity payes for all.

And now to tell you a few words in sober sadnesse, me thinks you should know that I am not so bad as to be your Companion or to be thus abused by you, I have served seven times at sea in Queen *Elizabeths* service, I have been a servant in in ordinary to King *James* & King *Charles* 27 yeers, I have been Ruler of my company 8 severall yeers, I have borne offices, and paid Subsidies, and all duties these 40 yeeres, I have written 220 Books, wherein I have pleased both Kings, Princes, Peers and Commons (for I have neither written profanely, or obscenely, nor have I any hand at all in those Roguish, Hellish Lies and Lybells that flutters daily about the streets; And therefore (Mr. *Church*) you that doe hardly pay one halfe penny a week to the poore, and never had any other office but a Box-keeper at the Temple, to the Gamesters in Christmas time; methinks you should have more manners than to abuse me thus without a cause, as you have done; and a little more discretion then to thinke your testimony or witnesse can stand against me; or you in any degree to be my companion.

With all these vertues of yours, you doe now seek and strive to be a Ruler or Governour of the Water-mens Company, for you would have 8. honest men to be sworne (I doubt not but you meane your selfe for one; but most (Worthy Sir) you must learne first how to obey, before you will know how to rule, and it is a plaine case, that if 8. such fellows as you were sworne Rulers, we were like to have a mad government: for you have brought the Riuer into that disorder, that whereas the Parliament with exceeding paines and charge, have sate long, whom (with the King, God continue in unity) these Worthies I say, sitting late about the great affaires of the Church and Kingdome, their Coaches that waited on them, have had their Axeltree pins stolen out by Watermen, on purpose to make the Gentlemen goe by water, or else if they went by Coach, the Wheles might flee off to the endangering of those that were in it; such Villany was never used till you overthrew our Government.

You tax us, that we give no account for all the moneys that wee receive at our Hall, either for Fines, or Quarteridge, or any thing else. Indeed we have been forgetfull to make account to you or your Companions: but when occasion shall serve, we will shew your betters Books of account, of 40 yeers continuance, with our Auditors hands at them, for the troath is, wee neither Receive nor disburse any moneys, but upon oath wee account for it yeerly.

You say that we have 5 or 6 servants apiece, and when that a presse is for men to serue the King at sea, then we doe spare our owne men, and presse others,

others, and that we doe presse the most Religious and honest men; to which Lye I must answere, that I doe not know any Watermen, that hath three men, and though the company be in Number 4000 at least, yet there are not above 50 of that number, that have Two men apiece, and the most of them are Auntient Watermen, and past their labour, and some of them not their servants doe never carry any passenger, but worke in Lighters to carry Coales and other goods: for my owne part, I have but one servant and if a presse doe come, I had Rather he should goe then stay at home, although I am sure that I doe never trouble any one of you to carry a Fare from you.

You likewise scandall me, with the Company, with a presse for men that went into Germany 10 yeers agoe, you slander me with buying and selling of men there, but the troath is, we were not Authors of that presse, nor had we power to denie the warrants which we have to shew, and as for any buying or selling or any corruption that way, or any other, I Pray you take my word, I doe but laugh at your foolery.

I would wish as many of the generalitie as doe desire to bee more guld then they are, to gather more money, for you are lately fallen most wickedly out of reparations; and now you and some of your leading crew, seeing their cause is bad, they and you doe patch it up with railing and reviling. And so I take leave of you as you are, overwhelmed with ignorance and malice.

Your mischievous malice was apparantly seen on Thursday last the third of February 1641. For you knew that the Rulers of our Company were warned that day to appeare before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen (upon your complaint) and you knew further, that I being Clarke of the Company, was to bee the onely man to speake and shew writings in our defence against your slanders.

Then (Mr. Church) with a tricke that you had, you went or sent for a Deputy to a Serjeant at Armes, to attach me and bring mee before an Honourable Committee of the House of Commons. This you did on purpose to take me off suddenly, because our Company should bee unprovided to oppose your lies and slanders: But all your knavery would not serve; for I had that favour to stay and doe my service, and afterwards I went before the Committee, whom I found to bee Gentlemen of such wisdom and gravity, that I conceive that but little credit was given to your testimony: for if any bad speeches had proceeded from mee, you ought not to have concealed such things three weekes and more.

But you (in a triumphing manner) made haste towards the Thames, and told some Water-men, that you had layd mee fast, and that I was in Iayle, and to be hanged the next Munday, and that I was at twenty shillings charge every day to a Messenger.

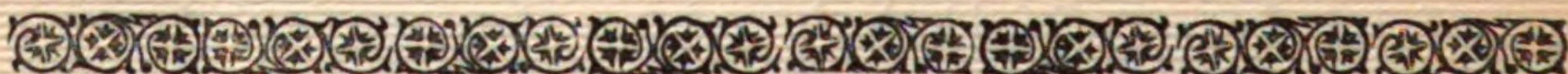
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All this, and a great deale more, you have done to uphold your credit with such men as have been deceived by your trolling tongue ; but I hope that shortly you shall be knowne what you are : For there is not any thing that I have said or done in my life, to make me feare you or any others by your perfwasions.

The Post-script.

IN imitation of your great Master (the Divell) you, with some others, did on wednesday last (before a right worshipfull Committee) at the Guild-Hall, London, with most odious lies and clamours, abuse and accuse my selfe and all others that ever have been Rulers, and so with noyse and multitude yon did your best and worst to drowne all our iust defences. But that Committee (*I* know) in their grave wisedomes, will consider of what my selfe with my Brethren and you are ; to whose report *I* with all honest men doe humbly submit ; but you with some others made haste to the Thames side, and at divers places you did bragge, that you had cast the Masters and old Assistants out from all manner of further government : And in so saying, you shewed your selfe a boasting, lying Rogue.

Indeed you have gulld so many men of their monyes, that (to dawb up your ragged credit) you must stop their mouthes with somewhat, either bragging or lying ; wherein the King himselfe hath not escaped your iee-ring malice : for you in a scoffing manner, saie (on Sunday last, Februry 6. in an Ale-house, that if the king did stay but a little longer at Windsor, that they would make him Maior of the Town. Such a kinde of sawcinesse hath sometimes very well deserved a whip ; to which *I* leave you, Mr. *Vermi-*
min.



F I N I S.

1643.

Trvth's Triumph.

1043

17th's 17th's

TRUTH'S
TRIUMPH:

OR,

Old Miracles newly revived

in the Gracious preservation of our
Soveraigne Lord the KING.

By JOHN TAYLOR.

—Miranda canunt, sed vix credenda Poëtæ.



Printed in the Yeare M.DC.XLIII.



TRUTH'S TRIUMPH,

OR,

Old Miracles newly revived in the
Gracious Preservation of our Sovereigne
Lord the KING.



*G*ods glorious, gracious *Volume* doth relate
How (out of Nothing) He did All Create:
Made *man*, *True*, *Holy*, *Iust*, who (fowlely) fell
And *God* Redeem'd him from sin, death, and
His *Miracles* of Judgment, fearefull, rare, (hell:
His *Miracles* of Mercy Mighty are;
Which makes my *Muse* this *Miracle* to Sing
How graciously *God* hath preserv'd my King.
The *Ravens* fed *Elias* in his need,
And Hungry *Daniel*, *Abacuck* did feed,
The *Meale* and *Oyle*, did every day encrease
In Rich Aboundance, till the Dearth did cease,
King *David*, oftentimes to flee was forc'd,
And (like a *Partridge* or'e the Mountaines Cour'd,
Th' Almighty still being their Great defence,
Sav'de them from *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Pestilence*,
And as these *Miracles* long Since were done,
Yet God hath Lately shewed a Gracious one,

Which

Which proves my King th' Adopted son of God,
 Else he had Ruin'd beene, or downe beene Trod.
 For when Rebellion had the Land or'espread,
 And that the foot durst kicke againſt the Head ;
 When each *Fox* had a *Hole*, each Bird a Nest
 And He no place his Royall Head to Reſt ;
 Depriv'd of *Houſes*, *Caſtles*, *Townes* and *Fortes*,
 Of *Shipping*, *Ammunition*, *Havens*, and *Portes*,
 Of *Powder*, *Shot*, *Guns*, *Pikes*, onely one *Sword*
 Was Left him, which is *Gods* Eternall Word ;
 Befides all this, his *Magazins*, his *Tower*,
 His *Meanes*, *Rents*, *Cuſtomes*, Ravish'd from his power,
 All his *Revenues* ſtopp'd, his *Aides* all ſtaid,
 His Friends, and faithfull Subjects priſ'ners laid,
 Or Banish'd, or undone, both they and theirs
 Whil'ſt Povertie's their Portions, and their Heires.
 His Antient Servants, (like poore ſheepe forlorne)
 Deſpiſ'd and Look'd on with the Eyes of Scorne,
 Becauſe they could not, or would not Maintaine.
 Difloyall warre againſt their Soveraigne.
 Nay more, His Gracious Queene (that Royall ſhee)
 Was for Her ſafety forc'd perforce to flee ;
 What Wickedneſſe Could worſe be Hatched then
 When He, that is the onely man of men,
 And She, the Woman for Her Vertues wonderd,
 So woefully ſhould be divorc'd and ſunderd.
 He whoſe Integrity's Admir'd Approv'd,
 She who deſerves of all to be belov'de,
 A Bleſſed fruitfull Mother, and Thereby
 Her iſſue may the whole world dignify.
 He, ſhould my pen preſume his praiſe to write
 'Twere like a Taper to give *Phæbus* Light ;

She, that in Princely vertues doth excell,
 In whom the Goddeses and Graces Dwell,
 In heart Heroicke, like the Thund'ers Bride,
 Like *Citherea*, She is Beautifide,
 Magnanimous, Like *Ioves* Brave Braine-Borne Girle
 In State and Minde of Maiefty the pearle.
 This Matchles Paire (with whom none may compare)
 By Rude, unruly Rebels fundred were.
 Their onely faults are, they are both too good
 For such as have their Goodnes thus withstood.
 A Milde *Iofias* will not serve their Turne,
 But Gracelesse they against his Mildnesse Spurne :
 A *Nero*, or an *Heliogabalus*
 Were fitter far, for Such as wrong'd him thus.
 His Blessed Raigne (from Cruelty exempt)
 Requited with disloyall Curst Contempt,
 Traduc'd in Pulpits, and in printed Lies,
 Abus'd with needlesse feares, and Jealousies ;
 Tax'd, he would beare an Arbitrary sway,
 And turne Religion to the Romish way :
 In Conventicles, Sermons, Drinking, Walking,
 Or in discourse, Treason was safest talking.
 Besides all this (to all true Subjects Griefe)
 His never Broken Word gain'd no Beliefe,
 His Vowes, and Protestations, firme and Just
 (Which I account High Treason to distrust)
 All unbeleev'd, Misconstred, wrongly wreafted
 By false Surmise of men, Disloyall Breasted.
 No faith was Left 'em, doubtfull diffidence,
 Had Banish'd all Beleife, and confidence ;
 God and the King, were both us'd in one fashion,
 The *Creed* was thrust out of the Congregation :

The

The devill amongst them did such Whimsyes fling,
 They neither would beleewe God, or the King.
 For if they thought there were a God indeed,
 They then would know damnation is decreed
 In Scripture, for Resisting powers ordain'd
 By God, which should be honour'd and maintain'd.
 It is a Maxime, hath beene alwaies held,
 The Protestant Religion ne're Rebell'd :
 Their Doctrin teaches humbly to obey,
 And, Whatsoever Seperatists can say,
 It plaine Appeares, they are not Protestants
 That ('gainst their King) uncivill Warres Advance.
 Thus did new *Englands* Sects Strive Impiously,
 To turne old *England* to an Anarchy.
 Thus was my Gracious Leige of all Bereft,
 And (in the world's opinion) little left ;
 Then was he Rich in God, Then had he most,
 Th' Almighty Rais'd for him a mighty Hoste,
 Brave Armes, and Armies, in his Cause to fight,
 And set *faithes* true *Defender* in his Right.
 With Hope and Confidence hee's armed still,
 And humbly waites upon his makers will :
 With these he hath oppos'd false fortunes frownes,
 With these he hath Recover'd Strength and Townes,
 With these he hath got mony (warres strong nerves)
 With these Hee's serv'd because his God he serves.
 With these his Magnanimity hath won
 Triumphant Honours, that shall ne're be done.
 But Beyond Time his fame shall ever last,
 And he in blest Eternity be plac'd.
 All praise to thee, Eternall King of Kings,
 That coverdst Him with thy protectious wings

With Such Miraculous Grace, that all may see
My Soveraignes Safety All Consists in Thee.

When as *Affiria's* King, (or th' *Aramite*)
'Gainst *Israel* came, with Numbers Infinite,

2 *Kings*, 6. 8. The Man of *God* (*Elisha*) did disclose
The plots and purposes of *Israel's* foes.
In *Dothan* then the Prophet did Reside,
And *Aram* did a Mighty Host provide,
And Seidg'd that Towne, (with terror much dismayd)
Elishaes Servant also was afraid :

Alas Master, How shall we do said He,
The Prophet said, feare not, for with us be
More then with them ; Then did the Prophet pray
His mans Mindes Blindnesse might be tooke away,
And presently Such Sight did Him Inspire
He saw his Master Compaſt Round with fire,
And all the Mountaine full of wondrous forces
Of Heavenly Soldiers, Charets, men and Horſes.
Elishaes Prayer did ſuch favour find
That all the Aramites were Strait Strooke Blind
And ſo Captiv'd, their mighty Hoſt did bring
Into Samaria, unto Israells King.

Againe the Prophet praid unto the Lord,
And presently their Sightſ were all Reſtor'd,

V. 20. *With feare, they ſaw themſelves environ'd Round,*
By thoſe, whom they had purpoſ'd to Confound.
Th' Affirians Being in this piteous plight,
Quoth Israel's King (twice) Father, ſhall I Smite,
The Prophet Answerd, I ſay Smite them not,
Thoſe with the ſword whom thou haſt Captive Got ;
Although they're foes they're men, oppreſt with greif,
Give Bread and Water to 'em, for Releife.

Then

Then did the King Great preparations make,
And (on his foes did much compassion take,
He fed them, and in peace he sent them back
Who came to be his Ruin and his Wrack.
So, thus th' Almighty pleased his foes to tame,
And Arams Bands no more to Israell came.
 Thus unto *Israel* was deliverance given,
 Miraculously by the hand of Heaven.
 When *Ammon* Joynd with *Moab*, and *Mount Seir*,
 Good King *Jehosaphat* to overbear.
 With Multitudes of Horfe, and men of war,
 So that all Humane Hope, and Helpe was far.
 God then a Prophet raif'd who truly said,
Stand Still Jehosaphat, be not dismaid,
Behold the Lords Salvation, he hath spoak,
 The feild is thine, thou shalt not strike a stroake.
 Strait the mistakeing *Ammonite* (pell mell)
 Together by the Eares with *Moab* fell,
 Each, thought the other *Judah's* force to be
 In Bloudy Battaile deadly blows did flee.
 At last *Mount Seir*, (or th' warlike *Edomite*)
 Came in, and on them both, Renew'd the fight;
 The slaughter was so Great, that death was Cloyd,
 And thus Gods foes, themselves, themselves destroyed.
 Thus whilest they did each other overthrow,
 The King had victory and strooke no blow.
 My application of all this, is this,
 That *God* that ever was, for ever *Is*,
 He sav'd *Samaria* from the *Aramites*,
 And Just *Jehosaphat* from *Ammonites*,
 And from th' Incestuous brood of *Moabites*,
 And *Esaus* Rough-haird seed, the *Edomites*.

V. 23.

2 Chr. 20.

The

The thoughts of Kings are open to his sight,
 And he doth know, King *Charles* his heart is right.
 By Miracles of old 'tis Manifest,
 Th' Almighty hath his wondrous power exprest ;
 And Sure, the Miracle, God shew'd of late
 Is Admirable, Loving, Gracious, Great.
 The Kings own Subjects, His own servants too
 Pay'd, and gave Ayd, their Sovereigne to undo :
 With His own Weapons, Armes, and every thing.
 They, (in the Kings Name) warr against the King.
 Then, in that Low, unworthy exigent
 The Powerfull hand of the Omnipotent
 Raised him againe, to beat Rebellion downe,
 And to regaine againe, (in peace) his owne.
 When (like to *Aram*) our Blind Separatists
 Have Clear'd their Blear'd Eyes from Erroneous Mists,
 The Nose-wise *Brownist* Grauely doth begin
 To see the foolerie he hath liv'd in,
 The *Anabaptist* likewise hath found out
 How he hath gone the furthest way about.
 The *Papist* (as I hope) is quite past Hope
 That *England* shall be pester'd with the *Pope*,
 And every Idle Sect discountenanc'd,
 And onely *Protestants* true faith advanc'd,
 This *God* by *Miracle* for us hath don,
 And *England* Hath it's ancient glory Won.
 Prophetically true, I hope these Lines
 Of mine will prove, for (as my Soule divines)
 The Lord these things to passe will shortly bring,
 And God, for ever Blesse and Save the King.

FINIS.

1645.

Oxford Befiedged.

1042

Oxford University

OXFORD BESIEGED,

Surprised, Taken, and Pittifully Entered on Munday the second of *Iune* last,
1645. by the Valiant Forces of the
London and Westminster Parliament.

W R I T T E N,

By a Trusty wellwisher of theirs, who stedfastly hopes, and heartily prayes, they may have the like prosperous successe in all their future undertakings. The Writers name and Surname begins with the 9th letter of the Greeke Alphabet,

Io - Ta.



Printed in the last year of the Parliament's
Raigne. 1645.



OXFORD BESIEGED,

Surprized, Taken and Pittifully Entred, on
Munday the second of *June* last, 1645. by the
Valiant Forces of the *London* and *West-*
minster Parliament.



London and *Westminster* (though neither of you are my Native or Naturall Mother, yet) I was borne in *Glocester*, a City that hath stood to it in our Loyall and obedient Warres against the King, not much inferiour for Parliamentall obedience or Publique Faith and Confidence to you, as hath been obstinately manifested. But leaving *Glocester*, with her *Massy* zeale and valour, I returne my loving Remembrance to *London*, who hath been, and is the inexhaustible Magazine for Men, Mony, and Maintenance, for the supportation of those durable, famous and lasting Warres against the King, (which the Cavaliering and Malignant Party calls Rebellion) and which we have causes to call, entitle, nominate, and acknowledge to be the Holy Cause.

And as our Armies have with unexpected successe, been Horrible, Terrible, Dreadfull, Fearefull, Victorious, and Invincible, and have foraged through *England*, *Wales* *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Coventry*, and *Canterbury*, yet that stiffneck'd Generation and People of *Oxford*, have (till now) stood out in Rebellious opposition against us; for that *Academy* and *City*, have ever since these distracted and disturbant times, been the Treasury of Refractory obstinacy, and the Store-house of our Mischiefes; whom to suppress and bring into order and conformity, our Almighty Parliament hath sought by all favourable meanes, and by most perswasive Exhortations from the Presse and Pulpits, there hath been nothing by us neglected,

cted, that might reforme them. But finding their obduracy immoveable, their inveteracy implacable, and their reducancy impossible ; we (out of a Christian care of the future prosperity of that Renowned well-spring and Fountaine of Learning) much against our pious Inclinations, were inforced to surround it with our Potent and unresistible Forces of hostility, twice in two severall yeares.

In two monthes of *May*, we have given them two gentle and friendly Visitations (*viz.* 1644, and 1645.) and we alwaies used the most submissive way of Summoning His Majesty and that stubborne City to our obedience. What a faire warning we gave them the first yeare, is not unknowne, and how fairly we came of and on, we have cause to remember, for two great Generalls and Armies did onely face them, as an Instruction for them to avoyd their further desolation and calamity. But seeing that gentle and mollifying Cataplasmes and Pultisses would not serve to soften the Corrodency of their Apostumated Inveteracy, we have now (about the latter end of this last *May*) in the *Whitsun* week, vouchsafed to lance her Malignant maladies, and by incision and occission, to let out her malevolent and contagious Corruptions.

To which end and purpose, our (potent, powerfull, perpetuall and pittifull) Parliament, begirt and swathed that contumacious City with a strong Swaddle band of Warre, with foure severall Armies, which being conjoynd into one, with a Quadrapliciticall Vnity, under the conduction of such a Messe (or *Murnivall*) of Martiall Commanders, that the like (or braver) *Heroes*, never issued from the Loynes of *Mars* & *Belona*, amongst whom the most Excellent, Expert, Exact, and Exquisite Souldier, Sir *Thomasius Fairfax*, was Commander in chiefe, being the admired *Agamemnon* of our Host, and the only chosen, pick'd, or cull'd man amongst men most worthy to be a Generall *Generalissimo*. Secondly, the Couragious and Treshault Treshnoble *Cromwell*, shew'd himselfe like a blazing fiery Commet, full of combustible Valour, and Subitory Expedition. Thirdly, that Impe of Prowesse, the Magazine and Arcenall of Armes and Military discipline, the never daunted

ted and dreadfull *Skippon*, appear'd like the Magnanimous *Achilles*, with his most unmatched multitude of *Mirmidons*. Fourthly and lastly, (but neither last or least in worth) was the Illustrious Bold *Browne*, in whose Braine, the Art of Armes is *Pyled*, and in whose Breast, Honour is Billited, he most Terribly, Fearfully, drew his Trenchant Sword, wherewith he chop'd in funder the Faggot-Bond of his fury, infomuch that his flaming Valour (like a burning *Bavin*) appear'd most Refulgently perspicuous to the besiedged *Oxonians*. These foure Generalls (drawne in their particulars) were *Quarter'd* in the Villages that doe Verge, Fringe, or Girdle the City, namely *Kennington*, South *Hinkesey*, West *Hinkesey*, *Botley*, *Witeham*, *Wolvercot*, *Marson*, *Hedington*, *Sampford*, *Ifley*, &c. By which meanes it was so strongly Block'd up, that the Garrisons Forces and Inhabitants began to look thin upon the matter, for they were so unprovided, and unprepared to endure a Siedge, that within five dayes we brought them to such a hard strait, that Wheat was mounted to the price of 4s. the Bushell, Butter and Cheese at 6^d and 3^d the pound, Milke at a penny the quart, but 9 or ten Egges a groat, Radishes a halfe penny the bunch, a Iugge of Beere 2^d, Beeffe and other Flesh so scarce, that none was to be had amongst them (without credit or ready mony.) In this extremity, we perceived they were unable to hold out long, therefore our Valiant Commanders, (like the foure Windes) assaulted them at their foure severall Portes, His Excellency, play'd the part of *Boreas*, and Blustred Impetuously at the *North*; *Browne* with his Brave Bold Boyes Blew Boystrouslylike *Auster* at the *South*; *Cromwell* Acted the part of *Eurus* with untireable Snuffing, Puffing, and Huffing at the *East*; and *Skippon* (like a second *Scipio*) Rag'd most Tempestientially (like *Zephirus*) on the *West*. Thus on all sides, Parts and Portes was *Oxford* Beleaguerd, without and within every House, Lane, and Street was full of Horror, Terror, Trembling like Hills. There you might behold a Woman quaking like a Custard before an Alderman, and in another place another shaking like an Oven; there was carelesse security in fundry and severall shapes and noyses, some halfe, and some whole drunk,

some

some piping and whiffing, some Riming and finging, some watching and guarding, (not at all regarding either us or any thing that we could doe to them) as may appeare by a mad fellow that wrote these Verses in a jeering Contempt of us and all our Forces.

*For Browne, for Skippon, Cromwell, and for Fairfax,
Wee have a well string'd Instrument at Cairfax,
And that if they doe but their Worke by halves,
The Parliament would Hang em up like Calves.*

Some of them said, that our Armies should not offend the Parliament so farre, as to doe their worke by halves, or to doe halfe the worke they were sent about; thus continued this hotch potch, mingle mangle galley mawfrey of variable opinions and humorous expressions, for the space of seven daies and nine nights, with an afternoone or two; Our Cannons with perpetuall Battray having disgorg'd 6789 shot, our Horse, Carbines, and our innumerable Foot environ'd them round, with groves, thickets, and woods of Pikes, our Muskets, Petronells, and Pistolls, breathing flames, and spitting death and destruction. Amongst and amidst these Rough Robustious salutations, and Mortall Monumentall mortuary greetings, one of our Cannons (being) discharged or fired at Random, from his Excellencies Quarter at *Marson*, flew by chance over Saint *Johns Colledge*, and most strangely wheel'd about on the left hand, hard by the Crosse and weathercock on Saint *Maries Steeple*; and passing in post hast to *Christ-Church*, it broke a corner of a window in the great *Quadrangle*, and from thence it mounted, and took the great Lanthorne on the top of the Hall, which never fell to ground till it drop'd into *Abington* market place; just in the same Pavement whereon the Idolatrous *Crosse* stood, that was Piously overthrowne on the 31 of *May* 1644. (much about the month, day, and time of the yeare as the aforesaid shot fell into *Christ-Church*) by the most Victorious and Vanquish'd, the Renowned and Nobly slighted, the Conquer'd Conqueror, Sir *William Waller*; the aforesaid Lanthorne, being now in the tuition of the Valiant Colonell *Browne*, who hath it as a Reward of his Noble services, and is determined to keep it till he

dyes, and afterwards it is to be hang'd up (as a *Trophy*) over his Tombe, for a Monumentall Remembrance to Posterity, of his Valour and Victories.

But to returne to the Siege againe; The Reader must understand, that our Parliament are so happy to have such Generalls and Commanders as are in their Valours, not only invincible, but invisable also. The Canoneers and Gunners had the Art to discharge many hundreds of their Ordnance, and no fire or Bullet to be seen nor Report of any Gun heard. For of all the great numbers of shot (before specified) there were very few of them came to the Knowledge of the Besieged ; infomuch that they were uncapable of perceiving any danger they were in. This Rare hidden Art was first invented by an *Italian*, whom they called Doctor *Jackaneico*, he was an *Ægyptian* witch, (or a cunning man) in the Raigne of *Ptolomy Evergetes* King of *Ægypt*.

By the Command of Sir *Tom* (his Excellency I meane) there was an Artificiall *Naturall* Geometricall Bridge, made over the River *Charwell*, about a mile from *Oxford* (North East and by Westward) what good service that Bridge did it is impertinent, and not much materiall to speak of ; But this is certaine, that the month of *May*, ending on the 31, which being Saturday, fell out luckily to be the latter end of the week, the Sunday following proved to be the first day of *June*, so that (by consequence) Monday was the next day after ; on which Monday morning, we had the happinesse to gaine a glorious Victory. On that day, (that memorable, remarkable, honourable, dainty delicate day) our Forces ascended to the top (or altitude) of Mount *Hedinton* (vulgarly called *Hedinton Hill*) but for that day, and on that Hill (to which Hill, *Pinda*, *Ossa*, *Olympus*, *Parnassus*, *Gadds Hill*, *Shotover*, and *Shuters Hill*, shall hereafter strike faile) our prosperous *Parliamentonyans*, inclosed, encompassed, environ'd, enwrapped, enveloped, (or what the Reader meanes to tearme it) the whole Body, or Bodies of the Malignants, we fought Valiantly, they fell Violently, some dead, some kill'd, some slaine, some hurt, some wounded, some fled, some ran away, some escap'd, some taken
Prisoners,

Prisoners, some put into Bondage, some thrust into Thraldom, and some carried into Captivity, so that in lesse time then halfe an howre, the mutability of fickle fortune was apparent, by a suddain turne of her foure square-Round wheele, for beyond all expectation, when the Enemy was singing scurvy Songs, & jeering with intollerable abusive Language and gesture, at the Sacred Persons and Honours of those whom they have formerly sworne to obey with Allegiance and Loyalty. Then at that Time, even then, betwixt the howres of two and three in the morning, we fell upon them *Pell mell, Helter skelter*, where in a moment 40 or 50 fell, to seek their habitation in another world, many were fore wounded; and having thus won the Field, we presently won *Oxford*, we entred without Resistants at the East, by Saint *Clements*, we Conquer'd *Maudlin* (or *Magdalen Colledge*) with a bare Summons, we march'd Triumphantly to *Cairfax*, (and leaving the Gallowse on our right hand) we with force or perforce entred and surpriz'd the Castle, we staid in the Castle three dayes, in all which time our Generalls were so Nobly pittifull, and our other Commanders, Officers, and Souldiers so mercifully mannerly, that we neither did the Towne any harme, or Plunder'd the people of anything (except Victualls) but whatsoever we had was freely given to us, nor did any of us so much as give the *Oxford* folke so much as a hard word, nor troubled them to lye in any of their Beds or foule sheets, or any linnen; and was not this a mercifull Victory? All this was done by lesse then 150 Parliament Souldiers, in so small or little a time, that it must ever be with Thankfulnesse remembred, and it is not to be doubted, but *London* and *Westminster* will expresse their joyfull gratitude, with Bells, Bonfires, and an holy publique Thankesgiving.

To conclude, I have an humble desire (or Request) to all Valiant men of our Parliament Armies, which is, That they will stoutly, stiffely, and desperately stand and persevere in the Cause, you know that many of us, could never have gotten such Estates by our Trades, as we have purchased by this Trade of Warre; it is not Loyalty and Allegiance, that will preferre
a *Tinker*

a *Tinker* to the Estate of a *Commander*, it is not that beggerly Thing call'd *Honesty*, nor that despised fancy of *Learning*, will bring a man to *Promotion*, *Conscience* is a *Toye*, it will never make a *Cobler* a *Preacher*, or a *Wood-monger* a *Sergeant Major Generall*, or *Colonell*; we are now *Grammar'd* in our Noble Actions, and a *Peace* would put very many of us back again to our *Horne-bookes*; a just and lawfull *Peace* would cause the King to have his Owne againe, and every man to have his Right; a *Peace* would restore the *Protestant Religion* to it's Pristine Purity; and then what will become of our Zealous new *Directorie*, for a *Peace* will bring in againe, the contemned Booke of *Common Prayer*; and finally a *Peace* would make Thousands of us to surrender so much Pillage and Plunder to the Right owners, that we should be like (*Æsops* Crow) poore naked Rogues, when every Bird had his fether from us; Let our Conquests encourage us, let our hopes spur us forward, let our surprize of *Oxford*, fill our Veines with Valour, and let the 24 *Tinkers* of *Banbury*, be our Presidents, who (for joy of our *Oxonian* Victory) have newly Brac'd their *Kettle Drummes* for the Entertainment of the Lord *Say* thither, which they will *Seale* with their Bloods. Let our Preachers Revile, let our Pamphlet writers Raile, let *Mercurius Britannicus* Jeere and flourish, let *Booker*, *Nye*, and *Lyly*, lye on, let us Fight for wealth, and Run away for advantage, wee have a Parliament to protect us, and theres an end.

POSTSCRIPT, or an old said saw of the Malignants.

*Wise men Labour, Good men Grieve,
Knaves invent, and Fooles believe,
Then helpe us Lord, and stand unto us,
Or Knaves and Fooles will quite undoe us.*

FINIS.



LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue *For the Fifth Year 1871-2.*

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flowvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvédère; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

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Issue

For the First Year 1867-8.

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
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For the Second Year 1868-9.

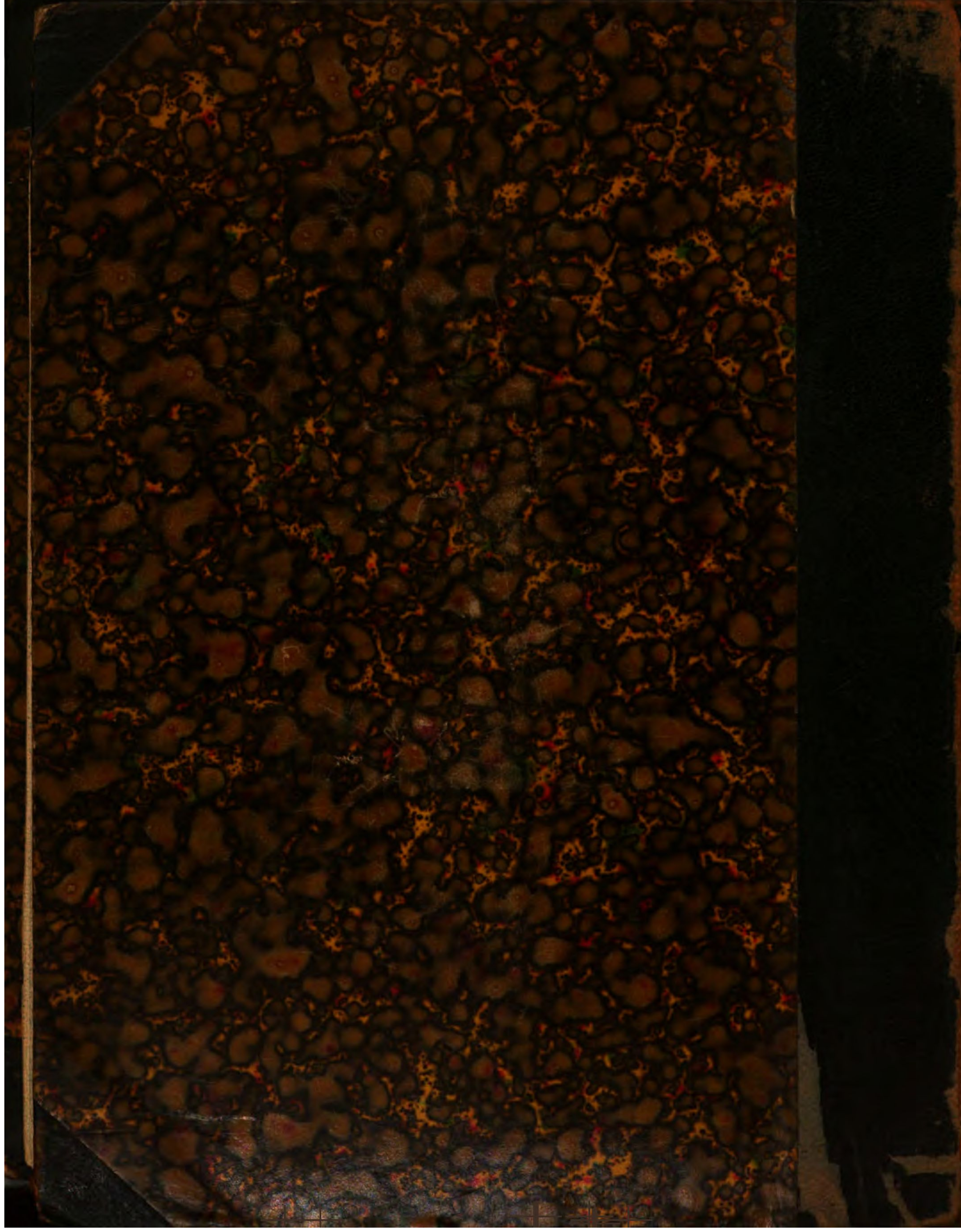
3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΗΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*



Taylor, John,

Works of John Taylor, the water poet not included in the folio volumes of 1
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